LE BEAU MONDE,

AND

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For DECEMBER, 1809.

THE NINTH NUMBER.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

MATHEMATICS.

To the Editor of Le Beau Monde.

SIR,

THE study of the mathematics is known to have been much cultivated by the first French commanders: Carnot and Buonaparte are eminently distinguished in this career of science; and hence it is, that very great attention is paid to this branch of knowledge in every part of France. Formerly the schools in their great towns were dedicated almost entirely to the learning of the Latin language—a language, of importance to the priests, but really of little use to those who are to be employed in the busy scenes of life. The study of their own language, and of the mathematics, has superseded the ancient system, and they cultivate the latter with an assiduity of which we can form no conception in this country. In this they are very much aided by the simplicity of their elementary books, and the easier forms of calculation that have lately been introduced, and which are gradually diffusing themselves over the continent of Europe. It is in vain to expect them in our country. We scorn to be taught by an enemy; despising the ancient saying, *fas est et ab hoste doceri*: but when the plan has been generally adopted, we shall, as we did in the case of the Calendar, come the last into the alteration. In the latter case, indeed, we were laughed into it by the wit of a Noble Lord, rather than by science; and though it is certain that a reform was necessary, it may justly be doubted whether, in following our neighbours too closely in every point, we did not do more than the occasion required.

The French have made an improvement in the division of the circle, which had been previously recommended, at various times, by eminent philosophers; but it requires a strong effort to bring it into use. They have set aside the sexagesimal for the decimal arithmetic; that is, a very difficult and troublesome mode of calculation for a very easy one. Their quadrant is now divided into one hundred parts, which they call degrees; each degree into ten minutes; each minute into ten seconds; and so on. Thus notation alone tells them with ease the part of a degree in an arc under consideration. Thus an arc of 65 degrees 4 minutes 7 seconds, is written down $65^{\circ}_{,}47$ and is at once seen to be sixty-five degrees and forty-seven hundreth's of a degree. The same arc in our notation would be written down thus, $58^{\circ}\ 49'\ 22''\ 48'''$, and there is no small trouble in determining what part of a degree $49'\ 22''\ 48'''$ is.

There is very little trouble in converting French degrees and their divisions into English degrees and their divisions, but the con-

MATHEMATICS.

verse is not so easy. Many of your readers are, I dare say, very conversant with the French writings, and meeting with so different a notation, may wish to convert it into English terms, or to compare together English and French observations of the same object. On this account, the following investigation may be deemed not unworthy of a place in your elegant Repository.

The French quadrant is divided into a hundred, the English into ninety equal parts or degrees. Hence the French degree is nine-tenths of the English degree; and consequently, if we take from the number of degrees in a French arc the tenth of that number, the remainder will be the number of degrees in the English arc. Thus supposing it to be required to know the number of degrees in an English arc, equal in length to a French arc of 97° 75′, or ninety-seven degrees seven minutes and five seconds, we take the tenth of this number, which is 9° 775 from the number.

Thus from	97°,75
take	9,775
	87,975

The remainder is eighty-seven degrees, and 975 thousandth parts of a degree. The latter number we convert into minutes, &c. by the usual multiplications by 60. Thus

$$\begin{array}{r} ,975 \\ 60 \\ \hline 58,500 \\ 60 \\ \hline 30,000 \end{array}$$

the English arc therefore contains 87° 58′ 30″.

In this manner, from any French arc the English corresponding arc is easily obtained. Now, let it be required to find the French arc, which shall correspond to an English arc of 87° 58′ 30″, we shall find the process rather more tedious; but when once known, we shall not be deterred from putting it frequently into practice.

As the number of degrees in an English arc is one tenth less than the number of corresponding degrees in a French arc, the number of degrees in a French arc is one-ninth greater than the number of corresponding degrees in an English arc. We have therefore to divide the degrees, and parts of a degree, in an English arc, by nine, the minutes, seconds, &c. being previously turned into decimal parts of a degree, and then add this ninth to the number given.

Thus in the English arc of 87° 58′ 30″, I first consider what decimal part of a degree 58 is, namely $\frac{58}{60}$, or $,^{\circ}96\dot{6}$. Then 30″ being $\frac{30}{60}$ of a minute, is 5′, or $\frac{5}{60}$ of a degree, or $,^{\circ}006\dot{3}$. Our English arc is therefore $87^{\circ},96\dot{6}+,^{\circ}008\dot{3}$, or 87°,975. This number we divide by nine, and the result is 9,775; and this number we add to 87,975, and the result is 97°,75, or the French degrees, minutes, and seconds in the same arc.

It is very likely that other writers have given these methods; but as their works have not fallen in my way, and the same may be the case with several of your readers, I trust that the circulation of this mode may be of some use. Underneath is the rationale of the whole, in an algebraical form, which may satisfy the more learned.

I remain, Sir, your constant reader,

CALCULATOR.

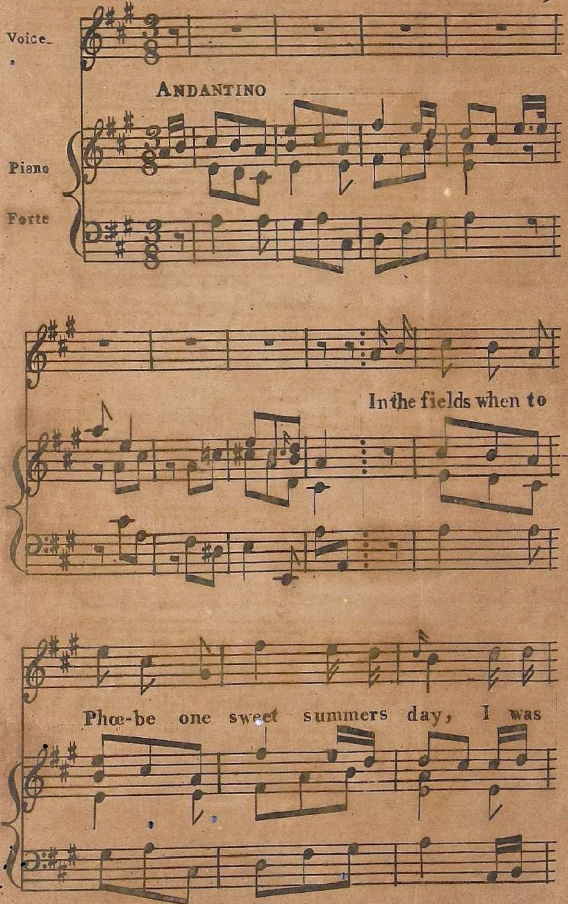
Let N be the number of degrees in a French, n the number of degrees in an English arc; then

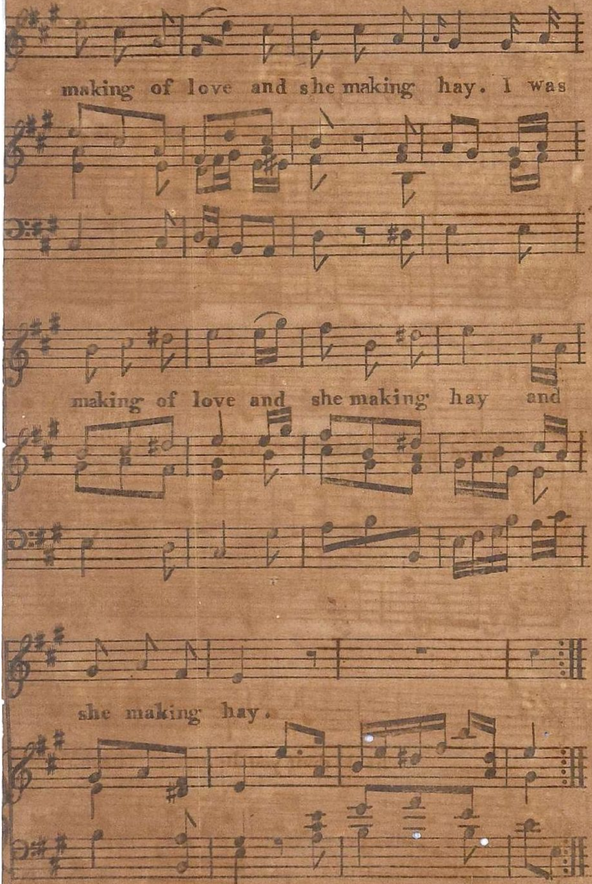
$$N : n :: 100 : 90 \therefore n = \frac{90}{100} = \frac{9}{10} = \frac{10-1}{10} = N - \frac{N}{10}.$$

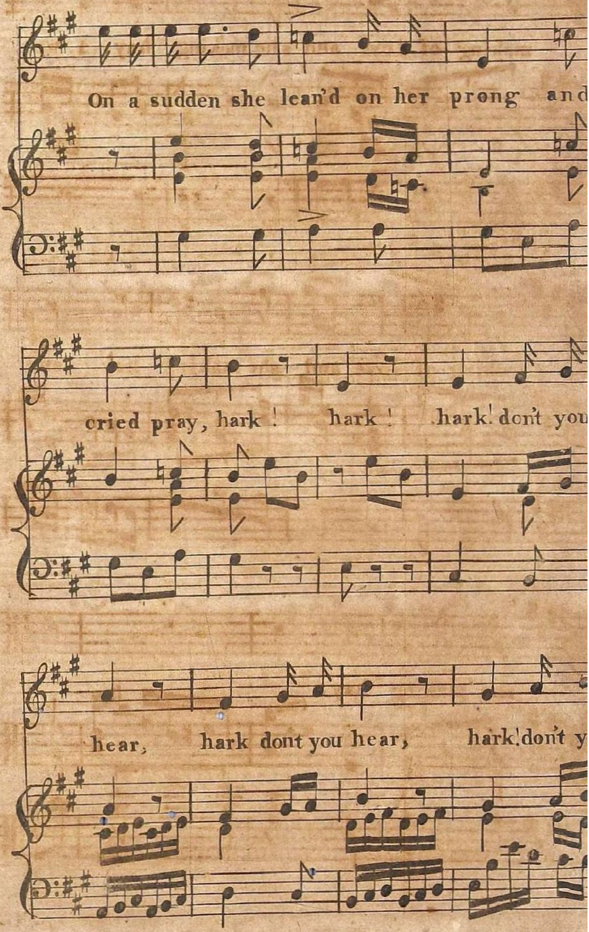
$$N = \frac{100}{90} = \frac{10}{9} = \frac{}{1+\frac{1}{9}} = n + \frac{n}{9}.$$

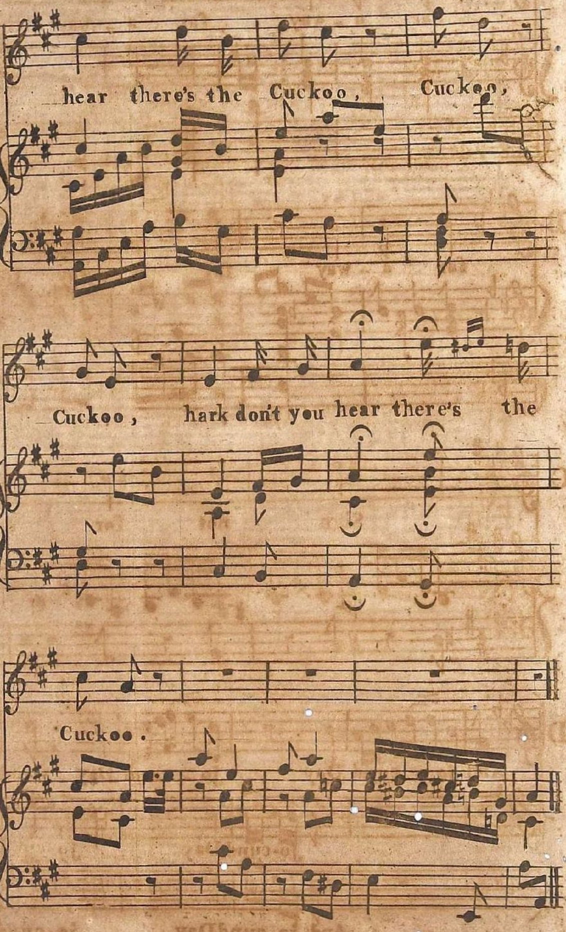
A New Cuckoo Song.

{Set to MUSIC by W. Hawkl's Esq.r}

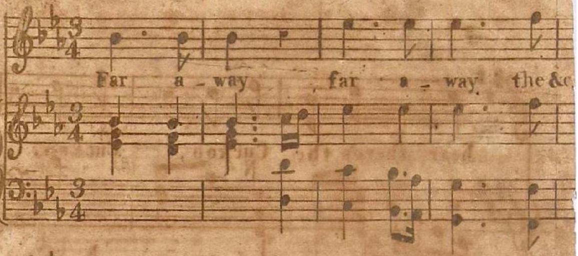



making of love and she making hay. I was
making of love and she making hay and
she making hay.

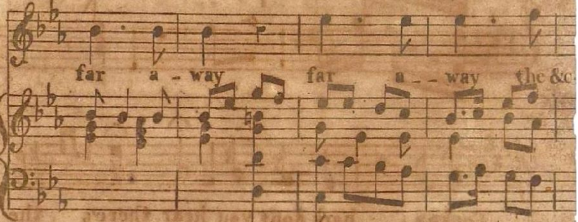

On a sudden she lean'd on her prong and
cried pray, hark! hark! hark! don't you
hear, hark dont you hear, hark! don't y


hear there's the Cuckoo, Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, hark don't you hear there's the
Cuckoo.

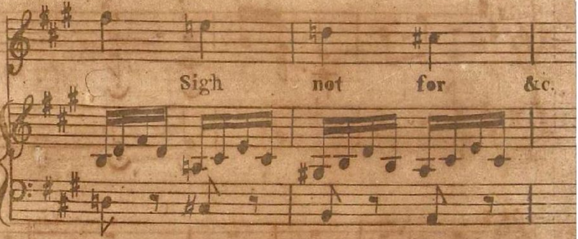
A


Far a - way far a - way the &c.

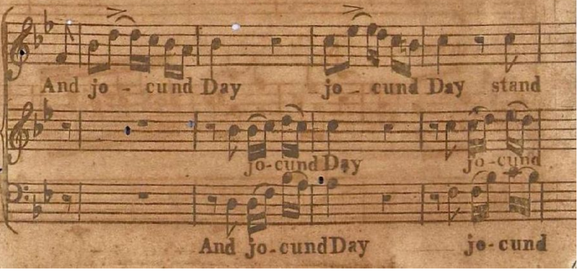
B


far a - way far a - - way the &c.

C


Sigh not for &c.

D


And jo - cund Day jo - cund Day stand
jo-cund Day jo-cund
And jo-cund Day jo-cund

CHRISTMAS FEAST OF FOOLS.

Conjectures as to the Origin of Moralities in the West: with Particulars of the Christmas Feast of Fools.

It appears from a very interesting article in the Literary Panorama, Vol. VI. p. 529, 737, that representations, approaching as near as possible to the facts, were annually exhibited in the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. These were the actions of our Saviour's sufferings. No author whose works I have perused, has enabled me to determine whether any other particulars connected with the history of our Lord have been the subjects of similar representations; a suspicion in the affirmative, has arisen in my mind, in consequence of an observation by M. Millin, that in France "*the pilgrims after vespers, exhibited dramatic representations, upon the pavement, in the open space, before the doors of churches.*" This leads us to consider, 1st the character of these persons; they were *pilgrims*; such as had visited the Holy Land; also the holy places in that country, as we may rationally conclude. 2d. They exhibited, I suppose, imitations of what they had seen, at the holy places: these were, it is likely, processions, singings, and, at the proper seasons of the year, representations by action of what it was thought desirable to commemorate.

By tracing this tradition, we are enabled to correct the idea stated in the paper to which this may serve as a supplement, that the *Saturnalia*, or rather the *Bacchanalia*, were the parents of these uncouth festivities. They may claim a more Christian origin, though possessing but little of a Christian spirit. And this is the more convenient, as well as credible, because pilgrimage to the East was fashionable, long before the time of the Crusades: and because we know that *substitutions* of Christian shews, processions, &c. for heathen, were frequent among converts of a certain class, in several countries. This suggestion, also, affords a glimpse at the parentage of the *Moralities*, once such favourites among us; pieces which extended their action to the comprehending of any Bible history whatever.

The order of this transition as it appears likely, to my mind, is, that, in the east, certain celebrations were instituted, in which the original action was imitated, by way of making the greater impression on the minds of spectators: those among the spectators who had no better employment, when they got home, endeavoured to effect imitations of what they had seen abroad; but usually possessing more warmth of fancy than correctness of judgment, and having to instruct those who had never seen the originals, they fell lamentably short of what the *honest* among them intended. The intentions of the dishonest were, no doubt, to pocket the penny, and if they succeeded in this they were satisfied. It may not be easy to convince such of your readers as have never seen the Continent, of the interest taken by spectators, at the sight of those shews carried about in boxes, representing the "*Ecce Homo*," the Crucifixion, &c. or of the attention (formerly) paid to a *Chanteur de Cantiques*, who sung his carols with such images before him. Those, who can recollect such sights, will think it very credible that these are traditionary memorials of the once popular festivities; as the custom among us of singing lullaby Christmas carols is almost the only remaining vestige of those *Cantiques*; to which our ancestors in the days of darkness, were indebted for a feeble ray of knowledge. That these, with the moralities, should be performed by the priests, was natural; and thus the hitherto inexplicable mystery, by what inducements the clergy became actors, is set in an easy, and, I believe, in a true light.

That Christmas, as the time of year for celebrating the birth of the Saviour, should be peculiarly distinguished by the *fullness* of

such representations, is no more than might be expected: and as all the powers of the parties concerned would be called into exertion on this occasion, nothing, we may safely affirm, would be omitted that might render the celebration striking, or gratifying to those who crowded to behold it.

The principal personages who would be presented in a scenic representation of the birth of Christ, are Mary, Joseph, the Magi, and the Shepherds;—beside these, either tradition or invention added, the ox and the ass, as attendants on the Holy Family; and sheep, naturally enough, as being brought by the Shepherds.

It is true, that Scripture says nothing of these animals: but it suited the actors to say something about them; and if they did not appear in the real history, a typical reference to them might be found by searching;—or, if not, the spectacle would be the better for the introduction of them, and that was authority enough. It was not, then, with any reference to the ox *Apis*, that the ox was commemorated among Christians; neither was the ass introduced into these celebrations derived from the *ass* of Pan; but they were deduced, either directly or indirectly, from Scripture.

The ox had his part in the drama, and both prose and verse were addressed to him; but my present object is the ass, and especially that commemoration of him, which is left incomplete in the *Literary Panorama*, before referred to.

In the first place, it seems, that, to perfect the description of this noble beast, we must add to the cantique sung in the cathedral of Sens, the following verse, as extant in the most correct copy:

Hic in colibus Sichen,
Enutritus sub Ruben,
Transiit per Jordanem,
Saliit in Bethleem.
Hez, Sire Ane, Hez!

He was born on Shechem's hill;
In Reuben's vales he fed his fill;
He drank of Jordan's sacred stream,
And gambolled in Bethlehem.
Huzza, Seignior Ass, Huzza!

This stanza should be the fourth in the canticle. From the tenor of it M. Millin deduces an argument for the gospel origin of this ass; which he adopts in preference to those conjectures that refer him to the ass of Lucian, or to that of Apuleius; or to that of Balaam.

Du Cange gives a burden to this song, which M. Millin deems not so ancient as that of the Sens MS.

Hez sire ane car chantez,
Belle bouche rechignez,
On aura du foin assez,
Et de l'avoine à planter.

Now, Seignior Ass, a noble bray!
That beauteous mouth at large display;
Abundant food our hay-lofts yield;
And oats abundant load the field.

Du Cange also gives the following as the concluding chorus of the whole.

HEZ VA! HEZ VA! HEZ VA HEZ!
Bialx sire ane car allez,
Belle bouche car chantez.

The first of these verses, though not so distinguished by Du Cange, is certainly an imitation of Asinine braying; and when performed by the whole congregation *unâ voce* must have produced a most undescribably inharmonious symphony; with an irresistably ludicrous effect. I know nothing equal to it; for even the frog chorus in Aristophanes falls short of it, in clamour, and consequently in the *vis comica*, of such performances.

Βρεκεκὲξ, κοὰξ, κοαξ,
Βρεκεκὲξ, κοὰξ, κοαξ,
Λιμναῖα κρηνῶν τεκνα.
Brekekex, koax, koax,
Brekekex, koax, koax:
Offspring of pools and marshes!

It might be possible for an operatical poet to avail himself of a chorus of animals, of which the voices are sonorous and strongly distinguished, in a most laughable manner: whenever the attempt is made, the vocal services of the ass will not be forgotten.

It is far from my intention to introduce the *serious* subjects, which, in this ceremony are so intermingled with profane, as to burlesque what should ever be sacred: as a specimen of the least offensive, however, accept the following:

Dies festa colitur,
Tange symphoniam;
Nam puer qui nascitur
Juxta prophetiam,
Ut gigas egreditur
Ad currendam viam:
Felix est egressio
Per quam fiat remissio.

This festive day we venerate,
Strike the drum's sonorous roll;
The child appears foretold to fate,
The joy of many a prophet's soul;
So bursts a giant from repose
To run with rapid step the race:
Hail happy birth! From all our woes
He brings remission's heav'nly grace.

The merit of these hymns taken at the highest, is about equal to our ordinary ditties called Christmas carols, &c.

God rest you, merry Gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay:
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas day, &c.
Which brings tidings of comfort and joy, &c.

That ludicrous and even obscene actions should be suffered to deprive these representations of what little instruction they might afford, is greatly to be regretted; but that this was early annexed to them, may be inferred from the efforts made to suppress them. If what I have suggested as to their origin be admissible, we may perhaps refer the gradual introduction of them in the west, to the course of the sixth, seventh, or eighth centuries. Mauritius bishop of Paris, who died 1196, laboured to suppress these sottish superstitions; but they had taken too deep root, and resisted all his efforts. The copy which has given occasion to these remarks dates in 1222; and being drawn up *ex officio* as it should seem, for the use of the cathedral of Sens, it proves not only the continuance of the practice, but the patronage it continued to enjoy. A document dated 1245, extant in the archives of the chapter of Sens, imports that at that period Odo, bishop of this diocese, prohibited the offensive disguises, and repressed some of the mummeries and licentiousnesses which had become part of this festival; but he did not remove the whole, and it remained at least two hundred years after his time, since in 1444 the Faculty of theology, at the request of several bishops, wrote to all the prelates and chapters to abolish this custom. It is nevertheless evident by the Acts of the Council held in 1460, or as others say, in 1485, that the grossnesses only of this ceremony were retrenched: the Council forbids caricature habits, false and uncouth singing, and orders that on the precentor of the fools, *not more than three pails of water, at most, should be thrown*; and on the other naked men *only one pail each*; and that not within the church. The other ceremonies if practiced out of the church were permitted. It may well be supposed that after so gentle a rap, this festival would not be dropped. It was permitted by Acts of the chapter of Sens in 1514 and 1517. Still later permissions are found; but with gradual prohibition of indecencies; till at length it ceased entirely towards the end of the sixteenth century.

M. Millin informs us that the writing of the missal which has given occasion to these remarks is extremely beautiful; and that on the page of a loose leaf facing the beginning of the work is the following quatrain.

Festum stultorum de consuetudine morum,
Omnibus urbs Senonis festivat nobilis annis,
Quo gaudet præcentor; tamen omnis honor
Sit Christo circumciso nunc semper et almo.

The Feast of Fools, from days of yore,
Yearly the town of Sens displays;
The chanter's joy! but, evermore
To the young Christ be all the praise.

After this follows a distich which M. Millin has despaired of being able to translate, since what merit it has depends on the equivocation of *Tartara*, the deposit of wine in the cask, and *Tartarus*, the infernal region. That this is with difficulty to be preserved in translation, must be evident to all acquainted with such attempts. I fear that neither of the following versions will be thought successful.

Never shall Tartar from the grape
Encrust the flowing cup of fools:
Their Tartarus let the wise escape,
If 'scape they can,—by wisdom's rules.

....

The Fools enjoy their flowing bowls,
Drink deep; the Tartar they despise:
And Tartarus leave to fearful souls,
Affrighted by the would-be wise.

The discovery of the art of printing has contributed to banish such indecorous ludicro-solemnities from the church and the world. There is now no pretence for retaining *such* commemorations. We find, accordingly, that as this art became popular, these institutions decayed, and as the public became more enlightened they were reformed, and at length dropped. This then, is one service derived from this noble art: it is a service of which we in this island, at the present day, can form scarcely any conception. We have so long enjoyed the liberty of thinking, speaking, and writing, as to forget that this distinction of our rational nature was ever forbid in our country. The contemplation of such subjects at the present may contribute to remind us of our advantages, and in this view they become not only amusing but instructive.—I am, Sir, Yours, &c. Q.

BOTANY.

History of Botany, by Robert John Thornton, M. D. Lecturer on Botany at Guy's Hospital, &c.

Botany, or a knowledge of Plants, must have been coeval with the creation of man. The first observer and cultivator of plants was therefore Adam, with whom we shall commence.

ADAM.

Adam, as we learn by divine writ, was placed in a Garden, or Paradise. All nature was obedient to his command, and the earth produced him spontaneous fruits. Adam and Eve passed their hours pleasantly away, tending this garden replete with flowers:

Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh mountain side
They sat them down, and after-no more toil
Of their sweet gard'ning labour than sufficed
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damaskt with flowers:
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems
Fair couple, linkt in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they."

In this state of innocence they lived. An *easy* injunction, test of their obedience, was given, and, as God foresaw, they broke the easy order; and the earth, then with all its productions pronounced good, assumed a different appearance, but one suited for the habitation of lapsed souls.

EPOCH THE SECOND.

II. *Gardens of the East.*

SEMIRAMIS.

In every description of the seats of the blessed, the idea of a garden has predominated. The word Paradise is synonymous with garden. The fields of Elysium, that sweet region of poesy, are adorned with all that imagination can conceive to be delightful. It is natural for man to be charmed with the mildness of spring, delighted with the gaiety of summer, riot in the fruits of autumn, and to be depressed at the dismal aspect of winter.

The gardens of the *Hesperides* we may almost pass over, as we have little or no satisfactory account of them. Hesperides, in the ancient mythology, were the daughters of Hesper or Hesperus, the brother of Atlas. According to Diodorus, Hesperus and Atlas, two brothers, possessed great riches in the western parts of Africa. Hesperus had a daughter called Hesperia, who married her

uncle Atlas, and from this marriage proceeded seven daughters, called Hesperides from the name of their mother, and Atlantides from that of their father. According to the poets, the Hesperides were three in number. Ægle, Arethusa, and Hesperthusa. Hesiod in his Theogony, makes them the daughters of Nox, Night, and seats them in the same place with the Gorgons, viz. at the extremities of the west, near mount Atlas: it is on that account he makes them the daughters of Night, because the sun sets there. The Hesperides are represented by the ancients as having the keeping of certain golden apples, on the other side the ocean. And the poets give them a dragon to watch the garden where the fruit grows: this dragon, they tell us, Hercules slew, and carried off the apples.—Pliny and Solinus will have the dragon to be no other than an arm of the sea, wherewith the garden was encompassed, and which defended the entrance thereof: and Varro supposes that the golden apples were nothing but oxen. Others, with more probability, say they were oranges. The gardens of *Alcinous* are merely poetical. Homer's description of these *gardens* is curious, as giving us a general, yet perhaps, faint idea of the *gardens* of the *Ancients*. In this place it is sufficient to exhibit it in the harmonious versification of Pope, with whom it was probably a favourite passage, as he selected it from the other parts of Homer's works, and published a translation of it, in The *Guardian*, before he attempted the rest.

Close to the gates a spacious *Garden* lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies.
Four acres was the allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around;
Tall thriving *trees* confess'd the fruitful mould,
The redd'ning *apples* ripen here to gold.
Here the blue *fig* with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full *pomegranate* glows;
The branch here bends beneath the weighty *pear*,
And verdant *olives* flourish round the year,
The balmly spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping *pear* a following *pear* supplies,
On *apples apples*, *figs* on *figs* arise:
The same mild season gives the *blooms* to blow,
The *buds* to harden, and the *fruits* to grow.
Here order'd *vines* in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun,
Others to tread the liquid harvest join,
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flowers descry'd,
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,
And there in autumn's richest purple dy'd.
Beds of all *various herbs*, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.
Two plenteous lakes the charming prospect crown'd;
This through the garden leads its streams around,
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows;
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king.

SOLOMON.

The next in true history, therefore, appear the gardens of Solomon, which were exceedingly magnificent, and rich in all manner of trees, shrubs, plants, and herbs.

To the palaces built by Solomon must have been added gardens planted with all sorts of fruit-trees, and watered with fountains; and though we have not a particular description of them, yet we may conjecture, they were the places where he passed the times of his leisure and delight, where the houses as well as grounds were adorned with all that could be of pleasing and elegant, and were the retreats and entertainments of those among his wives that he loved the best; and 'tis not improbable, that the Paradises mentioned by Strabo were planted by this great and wisest king. And the idea of the garden must be very great, if it answers at all to that of the gardener, who must have employed a great deal of his care and of his study, as well as of his leisure and thought, in these entertainments, since he wrote of all plants, from the cedar to the hyssop.

Hasselquist, a disciple of Linnæus, in a letter to his master writes,

Smyrna, Sept. 13, 1751.

DEAR FRIEND,

I shall soon have the honour to send you a number of observations, which I made on the Natural History of the Bible, on my travels in Palæstine. I have been paticularly

solicitous to search for the great designs which king Solomon executed here, especially those that contained any of the vegetable kingdom; whether I could find any traces of his vine yards or gardens, of which he speaks in the Scriptures; for to attempt to illustrate that kind of botany, which Solomon understood, I think is the same as to look for the place where the Tower of Babylon stood; though it cannot be denied, but that Solomon knew much more of Natural History, considering the time and circumstances of the nation over which he reigned, than any other of those times. But to leave his botany, and return to his plantations; there is now not the leas- trace remaining of them; we can judge by certain circumstances, where one or other of his pleasure gardens was situated! thus have I found the situation of his vineyard in Engedda, in which he introduced vines from Cyprus, to which he compares his beauty, in his Canticles, ch. i. ver. 14. Here the Arabs have vineyards to this day, and sell the wine to the Christians; but the vines are now sode-generated, that they will not produce the rich Cyprus wine. It was not difficult for Solomon to get vines from Cyprus and plant them; but whence did he get the Rhenish vines, which he planted at Hebron, and which grow there to this day, affording a Rhenish wine, equal to any that Europe produces, which I, and all the Franks who came to Jerusalem, took to be real Rhenish wine? The Latin Monks buy from the Arabs the small quantity which they make yearly at Hebron. This kind of wine does not grow in any place of the East, nor in the Archipelago; perhaps, this kind of grape has always grown wild in Palestine, and was by Solomon transplanted into his garden. Might not the Europeans have got the first vines, from hence, which they planted on the Rhine? This seems more probable, than that Solomon should have got his from Europe; it is also possible, that both have the same qualities, though the vines are of different origins.

I have the honour to remain, &c.

In another place Hasselquist mentions:— In the afternoon we went to see some remarkable places on the other side of Bethlehem, where some monuments were shown, which, they said, were erected at the time in which the Jews were in their splendour. We then followed the foot of a mountain, which lay on the right hand. Another hill extended itself towards the left side: between these was a vale, in which it is supposed Solomon had one of his gardens (Hortus Solomonis); and according to the relation, this should have been his private garden, of which he speaks in chap. iv. 12. of his Canticles. The place will well admit that Solomon might have formed a garden here, though it is not by nature an agreeable situation, being in a bottom; but perhaps this great prince might choose to improve nature by art, as many other potentates have done. What seems most to have contributed to adorn this place, is the aquæduct from the well, of which I shall speedily make mention. It was carried by this place to Bethlehem, and therefore could well have served to have watered a garden on the way. In one place of the vale, ome ruins of ancient buildings are to be seen. After two hours travelling, we came to the spring of water which is shown under the name of Solomon's Sealed Well. This is a fountain, which flows up out of the earth in a cave cut in a mountain. The cave consists of several apartments, all cut out and worked according to the rules of art. A little below this fountain, and nearer Bethlehem, are the three square reservoirs one after the other; which, by means of a subterraneous aquæduct, receive the water from the fountain. Whence, in the days of Solomon, an aquæduct is also supposed to have gone to Jerusalem, conveying the water to the city, and to the cisterns in the Temple. The water is yet conveyed from hence to Bethlehem, and might with ease be conveyed to Jerusalem.

This traveller also mentions other aquæducts, page 162 of his Travels in the East.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we came to the most remarkable place on this road, viz. the famous wells, which are by travellers called Solomon's, from which Tyre formerly received water through an aquæduct. They are three, all cut out in a mountain of sandstone, at the distance of a gun-shot from the sea. Two of them are square, one situated below the other, each of about six feet square.

The third is the most remarkable: this is round, and is at least 100 feet in diameter; it hath two outlets, each consisting of a narrow channel, to which the water runs through two round apertures, and falls into a small basin; from this place the water at present serves to turn some mills: but it formerly ran into the aquæduct, cut out in the sandstone hill, which carried the water for the space of two leagues to Tyre; the remains of this being still to be seen. The inside of the ruins of this aquæduct is covered with a stalactite, such as is to be found in the eastern aquæducts, having been there deposited by the water: this is a noble piece of antiquity, the work of a great king, and the remains of a potent people. They knew not whence the water came, which constantly fills these reservoirs; but I naturally conclude, that it comes from subterranean springs, and rises in their bottoms. The reservoirs are surrounded with various plants, large trees of Salix Safsaf, a quantity of Ricinus and Vitex Agnus Castus.

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

SIR,

Having lately met with your account of the Musical Morning Party, assembled in June last at the New Rooms, Hanover Square, in your very useful monthly publication, I have the pleasure herewith of returning you my acknowledgement of the handsome and liberal manner, in which you have done me the honour to notice it.

Your critique is, indeed, minute and exact upon almost every point of the performance: and it is this circumstance (which is highly gratifying) that has induced me to explain a few particulars, which appear to me likely to render it more compleat.

It is remarked, that the "music to the words" (in Seb. Bach's Mottett) "*saxa lacerentur, terræ motæ fiant,*" did not "correspond" with them: and that it was "too calm and placid, to convey any adequate idea of them."

The observation is perfectly correct; but, I conceive that the great author's design in those places, was not to attempt any imitation of earthquakes or rending rocks, but rather to express the tranquillity of mind, which a faithful christian is supposed to enjoy, even were these phenomena to happen.

The heathen poet Horace has a passage in that celebrated ode, where describing the courage and resolution which the mind conscious of integrity possesses, he presents the same idea, and also in very similar words:

> Si fractus illabatur orbis,
> Impavidum ferient ruinæ."
>
> *Hor. Lib.* 3. *Od.* 3.

My notion seems to be further defensible, if we only observe that when the singer utters words merely descriptive of his own feelings, the music corresponds most accurately with his sentimenrs.—viz

"*Vah!—sepulchrum triste!—Lethum, te contemno—vah—non timeo!*"

All these are given in a style of the boldest energy, and are palpably expressive of the utmost courage and defiance.

Added to this, we should remember that the words in question, supposed to be set in too gentle and quiet strains, happen to occur in a part of the Corale, or German Hymn tune, which could not have been altered without violating the simplicity of the theme, which the composer chose for the fabric of this noble Mottett.

I perfectly coincide with you in the observation, that the whole piece would have appeared to still greater advantage, accompanied on the organ; but, permit me to remark, that as the vocal performers had had *no previous rehearsal with the organ,* I was therefore averse from risking an untried effect; especially as my position (I mean that of sitting

with my back to the singers) would have rendered precision very doubtful, or rather a total miscarriage highly probable: added to this, Mr. Sale, junior, who sang the bass, performed the whole composition literally at first sight, not having been present at any one of the rehearsals.

With regard to the concluding movement in the piano forte duet, and which is unquestionably a trivial affair, I can only plead as an apology, that the whole piece was written originally for the entertainment of *a Lady*; and it was considered not improper, after the busy variations of the 4th movement, to insert this bagatelle, by way of relief of the attention, supposed to have become somewhat fatigued and exhausted by listening to the preceding elaborate series of passages.

I exceedingly approve the manner in which the chant on the 5th Ecclesiastical Tone is harmonized by "a Friend of the Editor." My own way of managing it at the close of the Mottett was invented merely to produce some little novelty in the modulatioh: however, the accent has been mistaken, in giving my harmony to it. The manner in which it stands in my score, is subjoined, *(vide plate)* and you will do me a favour by inserting it in your next number,

I remain,
With much respect,
Sir,
Your obliged and obedient servant,
SAMUEL WESLEY.

Camden-Town,
Dec. 22d, 1809.

POETRY.

To the Rose.

FROM THE GREEK.

Imperial Rose, thou first of flowers,
Pride of Horus' emerald bowers;
Lift thy moss unwreathen stem,
Dropt with many a dewy gem,
Thy crimson petal, haste! unfold;
And drink the sunny ray of gold.
Round thee, Zephyr, lovely minion,
Waves his rich Aurelian pinion.
Spirit of light, whose diamond car
Floats on the ray of morn's blue star;
Spirit, that when the clouds of eve
Their forms of fairy beauty weave;
Loves, unseen by mortal eye,
To wake his wild song's harmony;
Sport round the tulip's gorgeous bell,
Lurk in the lily's velvet cell;
Kiss their pale eyelids 'ere they close
And sigh them into sweet repose.
Now the musky breezes winging
Round and round, and round thee flinging,
Sweets of every scent and hue,
Children of the morning dew;
With all a lover's warmth he woos thee,
With all a lover's wiles pursues thee.
A moment, yet; nor yet display
Thy beauties to the glowing ray.
List not his tale—deluded flow'r!
Thy date is short, the very hour
That sees thee flourish, sees thee fade,
Thy fragrance lost, thy bloom decay'd.
Nor at thy wayward fate repine,
No common fate—sweet Rose! is thine.
Pillowed on a couch of snows,
Thou'lt breathe thy last, my lovely rose,
On ——'s bosom gently swelling,
Lull'd in transports past the telling;
'Tis thine to rest the drooping head,
'Tis thine the last faint blush to shed;
And flowret, wilt thou still repine?
Oh! that thy rapturous fate were mine!

M.

Slow Speed.

Cautious in every thing proceed;
Nought is more slow than careless speed.
"I'se first to market get,"—cried Nan—
And snatching up a basket, ran;
Panted—kicked up the dust, and tumbled.
Hobbled—saw herself distanced, grumbled.
For sale her basket opening, found,
(While all the neighbours jeered around).
With empty basket she had come,
Her eggs and chickens left at home.

From the French.

Poor grey hair'd Alice, (once so fair,
Of fifty lovers once the care)
Though fifty wrinkles seam her face,
Thinks she possesses every grace.
Her faithful glass, the other night,
Display'd her to her startled sight:
"Good God!" she cried, "'tis wondrous strange,
That *looking-glasses* thus should change!"

France and Italy are inaccessible, the *grand tour* of vacancy, disgust, and *ennui*, might be removed to Asia; and that while we are compelled by the extensive power of our enemies to *make much* of an ambassador from Persia, the wandering *stars* of our peerage might find themselves equally compelled to visit the courts of the *Newaubs* of India, the *Imaums* of Arabia, and the *Neyibs* of the Red Sea.

We had not proceeded to any great depth in this bulky production before we discovered that much of its *volumnibility* (to use the common expression of a *very great* man, we mean a *very great dealer in volumes)* consisted in the *manner* rather than the *matter* of its composition. We found that his lordship had condescended to lay the whole of his journal before the public: what indeed that is said, or done, or thought, by a lord, can be unworthy of record? From another man, this importation of *unpicked* raw material might have seemed wanting in respect towards the public before whom it is laid. Compression, selection, and correction might have been insisted upon. All the little trifling expletives of a traveller's adventures, which are inserted in his memorandums to refresh his conversation at home, the mere *how d'ye do*'s of introductions to our countrymen in foreign parts, and all the minute incidents of personal interest on the road, however pleasant they might formerly have been in the light narratives of the continental trips of the last generation, are here tedious and perplexing. They contract the view and impede the way in a route like this of Lord Valentia's, and make the most valuable part of his information obscure, broken, and entangled. Nor is this all. We are persuaded, that had his lordship undertaken the task of perusing his journal himself, he would have struck out all those obtrusive aristocratical observations concerning his personal rank and influence. His rank is a part of our estimable constitution, not of himself. Englishmen therefore revere it in its political mass, but revolt at its individual ostentation. The following sentiment, likewise, is not British: we do not understand the contamination of blood; it is the contamination of the bad principles, and the bad example of slaves, that his lordship must mean, not their blood, which has no more to do with their minds or their sentiments than the blood of Lord Valentia himself. Speaking of the Arabs, who inhabit the desert regions of Yemen, he says, "their bravery and strict sense of honor elevate them far above their countrymen who reside in cities. I should *feel happy* in supposing that this were owing to their blood being less contaminated by the mixture of slaves from every nation, a degradation from which they are preserved by their poverty; a poverty, however, that is invaluable, as it secures their freedom." The affectation which characterizes this sentence, and which seems to be dictated by a supercilious habit of taking the consequence for the effect, is frequently to be found in these volumes, and blemishes many of the observations of the noble author.

It will be impossible for us, in the limits assigned to our Review, to follow his lordship throughout the whole of his extensive track. He left London on the 3d of June, 1802, accompanied by Mr. Salt, as his secretary and draughtsman, and embarked on board the Minerva, for the East Indies.

On the approach to the coast of Madiera we have the following specimen of his lordship's powers in picturesque description:—"The approach was beautiful; the rich blue of the sea contrasted with the dark brown of the lofty rocks, which presented an insurmountable barrier to the waves; the fogs of the morning covering the mountain, but gradually rising and displaying the rich scene of the vineyards, interspersed with the white country residences of the merchants, and other rich inhabitants, formed a scene which the pencil only can describe." This is undoubtedly an elegant *morceau*; and highly as we estimate the powers of the pencil, we should have been more gratified by the frequent recurrence of these simple and animated touches of the pen, than by Mr. Salt's most correct delineations. His lordship, however, does not often feel himself equal to these *verbal sketches*, and confides too implicitly in the pencil of his

draughtsman, of whose labours we shall speak more explicitly hereafter. In the general account both of this island and of St. Helena, we are prevented, by the diffused nature of the journal-form in which it is given, from combining any interesting particulars, so as at once to amuse our readers, and give them a correct account of the work before us. In the latter island his lordship's acquaintance with botany becomes apparent, yet the manner in which this knowledge is displayed is rather forbidding than engaging to the general class of his readers. A few characteristic remarks should have always accompanied the classification of each plant; and for the sake of such remarks, much extraneous matter might have been omitted. At the Cape of Good Hope his lordship makes an inland excursion of some distance; and here we have to complain of the want of sufficient circumstances to enable us to form a correct idea of the country, while the omission is endeavoured to be supplied by the trifling occurrences met with by his lordship's party. The importance of the Cape to Great Britain forms indeed a short disquisition, in which we have another instance that his lordship can occasionally write well.

The Nicobar Islands are the only objects that occur, between the Cape and Calcutta, worthy of any attention, and of these we find an interesting account; and it is curious to perceive that a chain of islands, of which the inhabitants are so far beneath civilization, exists among surrounding nations who have at various periods attained various heights in the scale of social policy. His Lordship's journey through India consists of a series of visits to the native princes, and a tiresome sameness accompanies his route. There are certainly some passages that amuse, yet there are very few that interest. The principal features of the connexion of the East India Company with that extensive region, the sentiments and real situation of its princes, the nature and operation of our legislation on nations that vary in character and political relations, are all passed over by the noble traveller, as matters beneath his dignity. Although in other parts of his work, he has shewn us that he is not wholly without the spirit of interference, yet in India we perceive him travelling over the Company's dominions in the manner of the prudent man, "who could hear, see, and say nothing." It is a pre-determined point with his Lordship to praise all the measures of Lord Wellesley; and while we acknowledge that some of his observations are just, we must accuse the whole of a want of depth and boldness of investigation. At Ceylon, indeed, he gains more confidence; and without lamenting with him that so extensive an island has not been reduced entirely beneath the Company's authority, we agree in the reprehension he bestows on the inefficient measures that have been made use of for this purpose. The Cingalese, although they have undoubtedly at an ancient period participated in the external forms of that civilization which has pervaded the whole of the Indian Continent, seem never to have arrived at a state of perfect organization. They are rude and cunning—the usual characteristics of a long state of semi-barbarism. From Ceylon, his Lordship returns to the peninsula, and having visited Madras, and passed through the dominions of the late Tippoo Saib, he sails from Mangalore for the Red Sea.

It is the perseverance of his Lordship in the prosecution of this design that stamps a real value on the latter part of his work. We applaud his motives, and we regard his attempts, as reflecting honour on himself, and tending much to the furtherance of knowledge, if not altogether so conducive to the commercial advantages of this country as his Lordship seems to hope. Still there are many reasons why his Lordship was not exactly suited to the undertaking, and why a petty expedition under the authority of the East India Company was not the means of executing those purposes which his Lordship professes to have had in view. Indeed he seems to have been rather indulged by the Governor-General in a whim, than seconded by the Company in an undertaking of consequence. The men of Leadenhall, and their agents of Calcutta, are very little interested in the navigation of the Erythrean

Seas, and care not a rupee whether the ancient Egyptian and Roman merchants navigated its eastern or its western shores. It must be men of more liberal ideas than those who compose the commercial-military despotism of India who can be made sensible of the advantages of a general knowledge of all the countries of the universe. These monopolists may be said to be ruined by their own opulence, and crushed by their own power. The whole tenor of commercial intellect, though it grasps at power, is incapable of government; and least of all is it prone to forward the pursuits of knowledge. Nevertheless, through the friendship of the Governor General, we find Lord Valentia provided with "a brig, called the Antelope, of about 150 tons, mounting 12 eighteen-pound carronades, and having on board forty-one Europeans, including officers, sixteen marines, and thirty lascars and servants." After a pleasant voyage of about a month, they arrived at Mocha, and thence soon proceeded to the Afric coast of the Red Sea. Again, we feel it impossible to pursue the track of the noble voyager with any great advantage: he is ever grasping little objects while he is aiming at great designs; it is still himself, his shells, and his plants that obtrude themselves along the coast of the Periplûs. The manners of the inhabitants scarcely appear, but as they have a reference to their conduct in their intercourse with his lordship. He seems to have had the talent of making himself respected by the petty Arabian governments along the coasts; and he has undoubtedly the happy talent of boasting of their submissive respect to his authority. Having reached Mussowah, and visited the Nayib of the place in due form, he becomes involved in a dispute with the Captain of the Antelope, and returns to Mocha. The principal occurrence of this first expedition is the bestowing his title on an island on the Abyssinian shore. During a month's residence at Mocha, his lordship affords us very few particulars concerning the characters and actual government of the Arabs. He dines with Mr. Pringle, the Company's resident; he visits the Dola; he makes himself of consequence, and then departs to India.

The second visit to the peninsula of India possesses features more interesting than the first. There is much to be admired in the following description of part of the harbour of Bombay.—"We passed between the islands of Salsette and Elephanta, where the bay begins to contract its dimensions. The sea-breeze here overtook us. The entrance to the river Pan is *(has been)* defended by a small fort, which was built by the English, and formed into a depot during the old Mahratta war: it is now nearly in ruins. The river was full, the trees being actually half covered by the water. The paddy fields presented a cheering prospect by their healthy state; and even the mountains were covered with verdure, except where their smooth surface was broken by rocky pinnacles rising to a great height. The clouds floated round them, and occasionally, in part, concealed them from our view, which greatly improved the scene. High cultivation and picturesque scenery have nowhere in India been so perfectly united."—This is dreadfully contrasted by the next sentence. "The tide had just turned as we reached the landing-place, near the village of Pariwell. I was extremely shocked at discovering the vultures and Paria dogs disputing over the body of a poor wretch whom the recent famine had hurried to a better world. Captain Young employs twelve men to bury the bodies, at an expense of forty-five rupees per month. They have sometimes performed this office to thirty in a day: during the rainy monsoon, the average was twenty-five."—This famine had been caused by want of rain, and by the devastations of the Mahratta war.—"Holcar and Scindiah laid waste whole provinces, and through a vast extent of country left neither tree nor habitation."—The horrid traces of this famine were visible in the heaps of putrifying bodies along the vallies and by the road side, as far as Poonah.—During this journey the caves of *Carli*, and those of *Kenneri*, in the neighbourhood of Bombay, are certainly objects of high importance, as they point out

the magnitude and magnificence of a religion formerly prevalent in India, and opposed to that of the Brahmins. The presiding divinity of these subterraneous p agodas was *Boodh;* and the numerous images, some of which are carved with skill and elegance, shew the ancient prevalence of this extinguished superstition. The caves of Elephanta were also examined by his lordship. The carving here is excellent.—"Brahmah's countenance," says Lord Valentia, "admirably expresses the undisturbed composure of the Creator of the world. Viahnou's, on the left, has every feature of benevolence, while the lotus which he holds in his hand seems to be expanding under the genial ray of his eye. Seva's, on the contrary, has a ghastly and dire scowl, that well accords with the objects that he holds before him; two of the most venemous serpents, the covra copei. I was much surprised at the ingenuity of the conception and the merit of the execution of these figures."

After this excursion we find his lordship departing on his second expedition to the Red Sea. The Panther, a cruiser, and the Assaye, a French schooner, were prepared for this service, and with these he soon arrived at Mocha. He pursued nearly the same course as before; and having examined the large island of *Dhalac*, in which Mr. Salt discovered some tomb-stones with Cufic inscriptions upon them, arrived at Massowah. Thence the voyage was continued as high as Suakin, and his Lordship displays considerable learning and ingenuity in his adaptation of the capes, bays, and islands which he passed, to the names and described positions of those menti oned by the ancient Greek writers. The difficulties of the navigation, and the want of fresh provisions, prevent the vessels from proceeding much farther, and we find Lord Valentia very speedily at Mocha again.

After a month or six weeks' residence at Mocha, Lord Valentia resolved to dispatch Mr. Salt on a mission to Abyssinia. This expedition of Mr. Salt's is the most pleasing feature in the whole work, although that gentleman's journal participates in all the faults, and is replete with all the consequential trifles concerning himself and his English companions, which so eminently distinguish the narrative of Lord Valentia. From the account which Mr. Salt gives of his journey, we perceive that the inhabitants of Abyssinia are a people in a rude state of semi-barbarism. Their country has undoubtedly been occupied, in very ancient times, by a nation who had cultivated the arts with success; and the ruins remaining in various parts, and particularly at *Arum*, are testimonials to its former greatness.—Among these, a long Greek inscription, discovered there by Mr. Salt, and which has been translated and elucidated by the critical and historical researches of Dr. Vincent and other learned men, is a document of the highest importance, and shows the early prevalence of the Greek language in that distant region. Lord Valentia's suggestions concerning the history of Abyssinia, which follow the narrative of Mr. Salt, are written with great judgement, and exhibit an intimate acquaintance with the geographical and historical authors of antiquity. It is with pleasure that we find that Mr. Salt has been sent from England, in a more direct and open manner, to a country which must lead to much satisfactory knowledge of the interior of the African continent. We hope that he wll find his expectations realized in the discoveries that may have been made by the enterprising and restless *Pierce*, who has been left in the country since Mr. Salt's visit to the Ras Welleta Salassé.

On the whole, we consider his Lordship's work of value to the geographer, the natural philosopher, and the commercial speculator. The prolixity of the style, and the egotism of narrative, will be overlooked by those who read for the sake of instruction. As public critics, we perceive much to reprehend; as individuals, we acknowledge that there is much to amuse, to be admired, and to afford information.

[*We propose to examine the Plates in our next Number.*]

CATALOGUE OF NEW MUSIC.

The Heyday, a second Divertimento for the Piano Forte, by P. A. Corri. 4s.

This is one of the most favourable specimens we have seen of this composer. The introduction is majestic, and forms a very judicious contrast with the chaste simplicity of the air which follows. Without being very original, the variations are showy and tasteful. The last movement is a very popular dance, the subject lively, and Mr. Corri has treated it with corresponding playfulness and *legerté.* The best movement, however, is the Minuetto, which is elegant and tasteful, and displays a degree of science which induces to hope for productions superior to those we have formerly been accustomed to from the pen of Mr. Corri.

Two Sonatas for the piano forte, by T. Haigh. Op. 41. 6s.

The first of the Sonatas is in four sharps, and is in a familiar, pleasing style. The manner in which the major is introduced in the Andante, page 6, produces a very beautiful contrast to the preceding well-known Air in the minor.

The second Sonata begins with a movement in G minor, and is followed by a Vivace in the uncommon time of 12-8. The subject of the Aria Pastorale is so novel and so beautiful, that we are sorry Mr. Haigh has not made more of it. The Episodes are by no means worthy of the Air itself. We however recommend these Sonatas, as uniting very pleasing melodies with an extent of difficulty not beyond the powers of a moderate performer.

Romance for the Harp, by G. Kiallmark. Price 6s.

The subject of this Romance appears to be taken from the Scotch Air "Durandarte and Belerma." There is nothing particular in the arrangement to call for applause, or to provoke censure.

A Grand Solo for the Violin, with an Accompaniment for the violoncello ad libitum; by Mestrino. 3s.

This is a very good exercise for the violin; and the violoncello accompaniment is so contrived, that the Solo may be very well performed without it; and yet it adds very much to the effect, when played together. The best movements are the Andantino and the Rondo.

O dolce concento, an Air with 12 variations, for the piano forte, and an accompaniment for the flute (ad libitum,) by T. Latour. 3s.

The melody to which these variations are adapted is better known by the name of—"Away with Melancholy." It has afforded a subject to several professors, for the exercise of their ingenuity, and we think that Steibelt has been most fortunate in his manner of treating it. His arrangement is to be found in one of his *Pot Pouries,* beginning in G minor. The present arrangement, however, by Mr. Latour, it not without merit. In the 11th variation he wanders rather too far from the subject: but upon the whole, this production is calculated to give us a more favourable opinion of Mr. Latour's abilities as a composer, than most of his other works that we have met with.

The Lord's Prayer, set to music for a single voice, and designed for junior performers on the piano forte. 1s.

The anonymous author of this wretched stuff did well to conceal his name. It is said to be designed for junior performers: but we caution them against making use of this production, as it would lead them astray, rather than tend to their improvement. In the 2d bar there is the discord of the fourth left unresolved. Some of the bass notes are erroneously figured, and some are not figured at all. The chord of the 7th, (4th bar, page 3,) the 7th itself is marked sharp, instead of the 3d. This same 7th is left un-

resolved. There is a 6 marked under the last bass note B, (5th bar, same page.) If it were a D, it might have had the chord of the 6th: but as it is a B, it should have its common chord. There is no occasion for the 6th to be marked sharp under the A, bar 7. The A in the treble, after the pause, should be marked natural. But the worst passage is in bars 12 and 13, page 3, where the 7th is resolved in ascending, at the same time that the bass ascends with it. It would be waste of time to take any farther notice of this contemptible trash.

Waltz, by Mozart, with variations; arranged originally for a military band, by J. Collier, and now adapted for the piano forte by H. Seine. 2s.

The direction given at the beginning of this Waltz is "*piu* allegretto scherzando," meaning "*faster* playfully." This we acknowledge to be beyond our comprehension. We can easily conceive, if a piece of music has been played *slowly*, it may *afterwards* be played *faster*; but how can we *begin* any thing *faster*?—Faster than what? It would be much better if composers would give their directions in plain English, instead of pretending to give intelligence to others in a language which is unintelligible to themselves. The Waltz is written in the time of 3-4 instead of the usual time 3-8. The variations are ingenious, and well adapted to the piano forte, although they must of course lose much of their intended effect, when performed by an instrument so very different from those for which they were originally composed. The consecutive octaves at the end of bar 3, and the beginning of bar 4, page 3, may easily be avoided, by playing an E in the treble, with the C sharp in the bass, instead of continuing the C in the treble to the end of the bar.

Sonata for the Harp, with an accompaniment for the Flute, by J. Woelfl. 4s.

The generality of this composer's music is so difficult, as to deter most performers of moderate attainments from looking into any production that has his name prefixed to it. The present Sonata is, however, an exception. It is so easy, that any performer who is sufficiently advanced to do justice to the little Divertimentos of Ferrari will find no difficulty in executing it.—The Flute part is of equal facility.

No. I, II, and III, A Sonata for the Harp, with an accompaniment for the flute and violoncello, by G. G. Ferrari. Op. 44. 4s.

The simple and natural style of Mr. Ferrari's music is not the nakedness of barren genius, but the obvious result of a correct and chastened taste. Of the three Sonatas before us, we prefer the 1st and 3d, which are very favourable specimens of the peculiar characteristics which we have mentioned as belonging to Mr. Ferrari's compositions.

A Duet for the Piano Forte, by S. Webbe, jun. 5s.

The dedication of this work to Mr. John Cramer led us to expect something more than ordinary in the composition, and we are by no means disappointed. The Andante, and more particularly the Finale, are of very superior merit. They are at once tasteful, scientific, and original. Since the metropolis is deprived of this gentleman's talents as a performer, we are happy to be occasionally in his company through the medium of his compositions.

A Sonata for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Violin; dedicated to Lady Frances Wilson, by John Jay.—Price 5s.

There are two movements in this Sonata, the first a presto, the other a rondo. The former is much the better. It is the Toccata style, and will be found excellent practice.

Delassement militaire, composé par J. Jay. Op. 11. 5s.

We are not in the habit of objecting to the price of any productions of the mind, and we cannot estimate their value by any standard, as we can the produce of manual labour; but really we cannot help supposing there must be some mistake in the charge of 5s. for this composition. There is nothing

in it that might not be readily produced by a composer of moderate abilities in a very few hours.

Lord Cathcart, arranged as a Rondo for the piano forte, by S. T. Lyon. 1s. 6d.

This will do very well for young boarding-school misses who wish to be acquainted with Lord Cathcart.

The Sylph, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano Forte, by the same. 1s. 6d.

This is not composition—it is a thing done at a music manufactory.

A favourite Scotch Air, arranged as a Rondo for the piano forte, by the same. 1s. 6d.

This is a piece of goods from the same manufactory. All these What-shall-we-call-them seem to have been made up by the same receipt—A common-place melody (the more trifling the better)—a common-place modulation to the fifth of the key—the subject introduced—a common-place return to the original key—the subject repeated—a few common chords, used in a common-place manner—a few common-place flourishes—and a thumping of the chord of the tonic, by way of noisy finale. *R. Probatum est. S. T. L.*

The Three Catalanis. Written and composed by Mr. Dibdin. 1s.

We have had so many good things from Mr. Dibdin, that we are willing to excuse him if we are sometimes disappointed.

Montreal, a Divertimento for the piano forte, by N. B. Chaloner. 2s. 6d.

The best part of this Divertimento is the Adagio Maestoso. The introduction of the chord of the second, on the B flat, bar 7, page 1, is bold and masterly, and the whole movement is distinguished by sweetness of melody and skilful harmony.

Susan, a song, composed by J. Fisin.—1s. 6d.

There is nothing very striking or original in this song. One passege (bars 5 and 6, page 1,) reminds us of a Duet in *The Mountaineers*, "Faint and wearily," and the words in general are injudiciously set.—For example, Mr. Fisin has inserted a rest between the 1st and 2d syllable of the word "empty," (3d line, page 3.) The word "unfashionable" is also very *drawlingly* expressed, (page 4.) The accompaniment to the following passage, marked No. 1, we should prefer in the manner we have given it in our plate, No. 2.

There are several passages in the second verse where the accompaniment might have been altered to advantage: but it is the same, note for note, as in the first verse.

The lower F in the treble, last bar but one, page 1, should be an A. There are crotchet rests wanting after the D and C in the bass, bar 5, page 2; after the D in the bass, bar 5, page 3; and after the D in the bass, bar 12, page 4.

Time lines, written on the case of a Lady's Watch, by E. Button. Set to music by J. Whitaker. 1s. 6d.

We have seen many productions of Mr. Whitaker that we like better. The best passage in the symphony is where the D and C flat are introduced in the bass. The slurred notes in the bass, on the last line, p. 3, are graceful and masterly. The staccato mark, at the words "Life's spring is snapp'd," is appropriate and expressive.—We think that Mr. Whitaker might have given a more impressive effect to the last words, "You die." The accompaniment is deficient in the ingenuity we are accustomed to meet with in Mr. Whitaker's productions.

Three Sonatas for the piano forte, by F. Fiorillo. Op. 40. 6s.

By the easy style in which these Sonatas, or rather Sonatinas, are written, we conceive they were written for Master Laborie, to whom they are dedicated. They are much in the style of Ferrari, and abound in pleasing passages. We recommend them as very tasteful exercises for beginners.

CATALOGUE OF NEW MUSIC.

See the Altar of Liberty all on a blaze; an an original patriotic song, for the piano forte and voice, by R. Taylor, Chester.—1s. 6d.

We should have thought it very unnecessary to announce that a song was intended for the voice as well as for the piano forte: but we suppose a patriotic song differs from other songs, as much as it would seem that patriots differ from common men. If Mr. R. Taylor intended the word *original* to be applied to the music, it is wrong—the music has long been common property. The movement in 6-8 strongly resembles the song called "The tight little Island." Indeed the only part which may be considered as *perfectly original* is the phrase *A tempo marinoso giusto.* We confess this is *quite new* to us, and we fear it will puzzle better musical critics than we are, to explain what is meant by it. This *mari*-NOSO style is entirely out af our course, and we have no chart or compass to direct ourselves or others. But the music is quite as good as the poetry.

A Concerto for the piano forte, with accompaniments for a full band, by William Slapp. Op. 8. 8s. 6d.

Mr. Slapp we believe is a pupil of Mr. Mazzinghi. As the production of a young composer we are inclined to give him credit. Indeed the attempt to write a Concerto evinces an ambition which we are disposed to encourage. We are better pleased even when young men fail in their attempts at what is beyond their powers, than to follow the retrograde movements of great professors, when they are employed in arranging a favourite air or a popular jig. The subject Mr. Slapp has chosen for the Finale is "Moggy Lauder," which he has arranged with considerable skill; and we should perhaps have admired it still more, if we had not heard Mr. S. Wesley's extemporaneous effusions in treating the same subject, at Mr. Goss's Concert last year. Mr. Slapp will not think we estimate his composition too lightly, when we say we read it with pleasure after having heard Mr. Wesley.

No. VIII and IX of Skillern's Collection of favourite Country Dances, arranged for the piano forte, with their proper figures. 1s. each.

No. VIII contains Morgiana, Montreal, The Exile, Lord Cathcart, Calabria, Prime of Life, and The Spanish Patriots; of which the first, second, and fourth are by far the best.

No. IX contains The Happy Return, Lord Cochrane, Flora M'Donald, The Russian Dance, The Italian Monfrina, The Stralsund Waltz, the New Spanish Patriots, Whiskey for ever. This collection is inferior to No. VIII. The only good ones are Lord Cochrane, and Whiskey for ever.

Gaité de Cœur, petite fantasie pour le piano forte, par J. Blewitt. 2s.

We think the whole of this title should have been given in French; for the same reason which made it *necessary* to say—"London, printed for B. and W." would operate to the exclusion of all the French words. Of the two movements, one is a Moderato, the other a Larghetto. We think them very ill adapted to express the *gaieté de cœur.* The Larghetto, which partakes a little of the Scotish character, professes some originality. The second movement is a Waltz, and is treated with more skill than we usually meet with in this species of composition. The re-introduction of the Larghetto in page 4 is very judicious; and the conclusion is well managed.

Hence, Care, and all thy Train, an Anacreontic song, by John Parry. 1s.

There is something convivial and appropriate in the style of this Song, particularly the passage where the division is introduced at the words—"The frenzied song that charms the soul." We think this Song would produce a better effect in three flats.

Wilt thou say farewell, Love? a Ballad; the Music by T. Moore, Esq. 2s.

Mr. Moore has chosen the same key (four flats) for this Ballad as the one on which Mr. Bishop has written his charming Duet "I love thee." The conclusion of

this Ballad is also exactly similar. The consecutive octaves produce a very bad effect in the Accompaniment, bar 15, page 3. The defect will be easily remedied, by playing the last of the three semiquavers of B in the treble instead of G. The effect of this Ballad cannot be other than monotonous, as there is not a single cadence except in the tonic. There is not even a temporary modulation to the fifth of the key. Two pages of music would have been quite sufficient, as the vocal part and accompaniment are exactly the same in all the verses.

Under the green wood tree, a Glee for three voices, the words from Shakespeare, the music by Sir J. Stevenson, Mus. D.—2s. 6d.

Sir John Stevenson has constructed this Glee upon the model of the old Madrigal, and has hit off the style very successfully.—He has been particularly happy where he has introduced the discord of the ninth.—There is a shake improperly introduced over the C in the 8th bar, p. 7; but the publication is more correctly printed that Sir J. Stevenson's compositions usually are. To those who are partial to the old school, or to those compositions which were formerly quaintly termed *three-part songs*, we are certain this will afford great delight. It is altogether a very clever thing.

The favourite Air, "Begone, dull care," with twelve variations for the piano forte, by H. De Monti. Op. 27. 3s.

This gentleman's name having never come under our observation before, we were surprised to find this work marked Op. 27. The varations are ingenious, particularly the 4th, sixth, seventh, eleventh, and twelfth. We hope to be better acquainted with this composer.

Serenade, ou les Amusements de Putney Park, pour le piano forte, avec accompaniament de flute; par Louis Von Esch. 4s.

The word *obligée* should have been inserted in this title, after the word Flute, as some of the passages (the 2nd variation, for instance, p. 5,) absolutely require the accompaniment.—The Romance too, from "Richard Cœur de Lion," will lose more than half its effect without the accompaniment. We do not consider this to be one of Mr. Von Esch's most successful productions. The fine title-page rather prejudiced us against the work before we examined it. We have a prodigious aversion to these "outward trappings," that occasion so great and so useless an addition to the expense of musical compositions. We shall always prefer those publications that have "that within which passeth shew."

La Serietà con l'Allegria, air et valce pour le piano forte, par Jaques Calkin. 2s. 6d.

Without being very original, the movement expressive of "Le Serieta" possesses such elegance in its melody, and there is so much taste and polish of style in the directions for its performance, that we were led to expect something very superior to what we met with in the succeeding Scherzando, or Waltz, which is intended to convey the idea of L'Allegria.

In the latter there is too much repetition, and several of the passages betray a want of skill that almost led us to suspect the two movements were not the production of the same pen. The double note, F and D, (bar 23, page 2,) and the following G, form consecutive octaves with the treble. There is something very harsh in the second bar, page 7. The first four treble notes belong to the chord of the 6-4 on D, but the bass has the 5-3. The best passage in the last movement is the one in C, beginning at bar 17, page 5.

Aria et la Convalescence pour le Piano Forte, par Von Esch. 3s.

We are at a loss to conceive a reason for the pye-bald, motley title of this work.—Why *Aria* Italian, and the rest French? Why not all of it Italian, or all of it French? We hope that good taste will ultimately exclude all foppery from the title-pages of musical works: it is quite time. We should like to see the reform commence with Mr. Von Esch, who was one of the *fathers* of

this aberration from good sense and propriety. The Aria displays much taste, and the Allegretto is light, elegant, and playful.

Sonata for the piano forte, with an accompaniment for the Flute ad libitum; by J. B. Cramer. No. 3. 4s.

Mr. Cramer seems to have written this in his moments of relaxation, for some favourite scholar who was not sufficiently advanced to attempt his more masterly compositions. The Air "Drink to me only," and "The rising of the Lark," which he has introduced, are prettily arranged; and indeed "prettyness" is the distinguishing characteristic of the whole Sonata.

Come, take the Harp, a canzonet, by Sir J. Stevenson. 2s.

The publishers have altered the usual mode of giving the author's name in the title-page. This is an innovation upon established customs, without being an improvement. The symphony and the accompaniment are very properly adapted, more particularly for the harp. Without being very original, this is a graceful, pleasing melody; but there is rather too much repetition of the subject.—We entertain a similar objection to this being called a Canzonet, as well as to many others, respecting which we have given our opinions. Why print all the music for every verse, if there be not the difference of even a single note? Charge what price you please for a good composition, but don't create unnecessary expense, in order to justify an unnecessary charge.

Marche des Marriages Samnites, une pastorale et une Air Russe, pour le piano forte, avec un accompaniment de Flute, ad libitum. Par Von Esch. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Von Esch has arranged this Marche (originally composed by Mozart) with some judgment. The Pastorale is a pleasing movement, but it is not continued. It is connected with the Air Russe by a few bars of an Allegro, which we conceive belongs to neither the one nor the other.

There are several passages in the Pastorale in which consecutive octaves occur. We shall excuse some of them, as perhaps being intended for *unison* passages: but we must protest against the one in the first bar of the second line, page 3, where, in resolving the discord of the *tritone*, the D and C in the bass are doubled on the treble. The Air Russe is pleasing in itself, but the arrangement of it is extremely defective in point of modulation. There is only one cadence on the fifth of the key.

Cease, O cease to tempt; a Ballad; the Music and Words by Thomas Moore, Esq. 2s.

This is not one of Mr. Moore's *best* compositions. There is a want of his usual elegance and expression. We dislike the ascent of the A sharp to B, vocal line, 3d bar, page 1, at the same time that the accompaniment ascends from A natural to B. The same *book-making* system of printing the accompaniment to every verse, which we have complained of in another production, is applicable to this.

The Farewell, composed by R. Cooke.— 1s. 6d.

The exquisite manner in which we heard this Ballad sung by Mr. Bartleman, at the Vocal Concerts, prejudiced us in its favour; and upon a closer inspection we are not inclined to alter our opinion. It is simple and expressive, and contains a passage so beautiful and so obvious, we are surprised we are obliged to acknowledge it to be not perfectly original. We allude to the introduction of the flat third to the tonic, previous to the modulation to the fifth of the key. (See last bar, page 1.) On the repetition of the melody for the second verse, instead of the common chord upon A in the bass, bar 4, page 3, we should prefer the chord of the 3-4-6, the intervals distributed as follows: the 4th the lowest, the 6th the middle, the 3d the highest; and in the succeding chord of the 6th, on G, the 3d to be the highest interval, instead of the 6th. We wish this gentleman would oftener favour us with the fruits of his genius.

CATALOGUE OF NEW MUSIC.

Henry, a Ballad, by G. Lanza, jun. 2s. 6d. Mary, an Air, in answer to the CELEBRATED *Ballad of "Henry," by the same. 3s.*

Henry is a very pleasing ballad, and it is by far the best production we have seen from this gentleman's pen: but *Mary* is a trumpery performance. We are sorry to see Harry in such bad company. We are threatened with a sequel, too! Lord have mercy upon us! for Mr. G. Lanza seems to have no pity. We dislike these *more last words.* There is really too much of *charlatanrie* about these productions, and in the mode of advertising them in the title-page, *three deep!*

Le Joyeuse, a Rondo for the piano forte, composed by J. B. Cramer. 2s. 6d.

With all our admiration of Mr. Cramer, we were sensibly vexed and disappointed at this trifling production. We are sorry so great a composer should suffer his name to be attached to a performance which has nothing to distinguish it from the herd.

No. I. Le Badinage amusent, a Rondo for the piano forte, composed by J. Leurs. 1s.

The subject is very common-place, which may possibly account, in some measure, for our not being able to discover a single new idea in the whole composition. We think the publication of such music as the "Badinage amusante" most egregious *trifling,* without contributing any thing to the *amusement* of the public.

The Red Rose, a Glee for four Voices, composed by W. Knyvett. 2s.

This Glee is for a treble, counter-tenor, tenor, and bass; and we are sorry to observe that Mr. Knyvett has given in to the practice of printing the parts intended to be sung by the counter-tenor and tenor in the same clef with that to be sung by the treble. We have heard this practice defended, upon the plea that it makes it easier for the singer: but we cannot subscribe to the opinion: for as those singers who are sufficiently advanced in music to sing by the notes would as easily learn one clef as another, it must be a matter of indifference to them in what clef it was written; and those who are not capable of singing from the notes, or those who are principally guided by the ear, will be more governed by the distance of the intervals, than by any clef placed at the beginning of the line. In the old mode of printing, each part, with its appropriate clef, was obvious: according to the present practice, it is not easy to ascertain what voice is intended for each particular part. If those parts which are to be sung by treble voices are printed in the same manner as those intended for the counter-tenor and tenor, how are we to know by which voice it is to be sung? It supposes a degree of scientific knowledge which makes the alteration totally unnecessary; for any person who is competent to decide by the *compass* for what voice the line is calculated, would be able to perform it without these leading-strings; and a person of only moderate knowledge of the usual extent of the different voices would be rather puzzled than assisted by them. To remedy this, we would recommend those who are advocates for this innovation (for such we must call it) to specify at the beginning of each line the voice for which it is intended. We have noticed this more particularly at present, because a composer of Mr. Knyvett's reputation gives a sort of sanction to this innovation.

Of this Glee we think favourably. The Mottivo is sprightly and flowing, but is rather too often repeated; and we are surprised, that a composer of Mr. Knyvett's science should have overlooked the consecutive fifths that occur between the counter-tenor and the tenor parts, in the first bar of the second line, page 1. The passages we most admire are contained in bar 5, 6, &c. page 4, at the words—*I will love thee still,* where the parts are put together in a most masterly manner. The minor is also excellent, particularly where the modulation takes place to the relative major. The passage also by which Mr. K. returns to the original subject *from* the minor is novel and ingenious.

CATALOGUE OF NEW MUSIC.

Andante et Rondeau a la militaire, pour le piano forte, par L. Jansen. 2s.

Of these two movements, the Rondeau is the better. There is something original in the subject, and it is treated in a manner which evinces a knowledge superior to what is generally met with in composers of this species of music. There is, however, a necessity of extending the hands too much in the playing; the passages are too much *diffused*; and we think it injudicious in Mr. Jansen to have introduced so many ledger lines, (see page 5;) the passages would have been much easier to read, had they been written an octave lower, and the words *ottava alta* introduced over them.

The Beauties of Purcell, selected, revised, and arranged, with a separate accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by J. Corfe, Gentleman of his Majesty's Chapel Royal. —Vol. I. 1*l.* 5*s.*

The success which has deservedly attened the publication of Mr. Corfe's "Beauties of Handel," has induced him, we believe, to undertake a similar selection from the admirable productions of Henry Purcell. Dr. Clarke has also lately published a collection from the same delightful composer, and we sincerely rejoice to find that these charming works are becoming daily more and more in request; for in our opinion, nothing can tend more to excite a proper contempt for the modern trash with which we are continually inundated, and to improve the musical taste of the public, in every respect, than the diffusion of Purcell's exquisitely beautiful and original compositions.

The editions by Dr. Clarke and Mr. Corfe are somewhat different in their plan and arrangement. Dr. Clarke has compressed *his* "Beauties of Purcell" in *one* volume: the selection of Mr. Corfe is to be extended to *two* volumes. Dr. Clarke has added a separate part for the piano forte throughout: Mr. Corfe has only added a separate piano forte part to those songs, duets, trios, &c. (comparatively few in number) which have instrumental accompaniments in the original. To all the others he has merely marked the thorough bass. Dr. Clarke has in two or three instances ventured to *alter* a few passages on the *repeats*, upon the plea of wishing to produce more *variety*: Mr. Corfe, on the contrary, expressly declares, that "no alterations nor additions in any parts of the work have been made by the editor."

We have pointed out this difference in the two editions, as we think that the one (by Dr. Clarke) will be more useful to those who are not sufficiently advanced to play the harmonies from a figured bass; and the other will be more acceptable to those who wish to possess a nearly fac simile of the old copies, and whose competent knowledge of thorough bass renders the introduction of the chords *in notes* unnecessary.

The present volume contains, among other beautiful pieces, "From rosy Bowers," "Fairest Isle," "Mad Bess," "Hark, my Daridear," "What shall I do," (from this Ballad, Polly's first song in The Beggar's Opera is taken,) "Let the dreadful Engines," "Return, revolting Rebels," "Thy Genius, lo!" "Were I to choose," "I attempt from Love's Sickness," "Saul and the Witch of Endor," "Ye twice ten hundred Deities," and the "Music in the Tempest." These compositions are in general so well known and admired, that any criticism upon their peculiar merits would be quite superfluous.

The fine bass song "Return, revolting Rebels," is so admirably calculated to display the inimitable powers of Mr. Bartleman, that we are surprised he has never selected it for performance either at his own Concerts, or at the King's Concert of Antient Music.

Mr. Corfe was certainly right in adhering to the original *notes*, but we do not see the same necessity for his being so particular as to the *words*. Several expressions, that in Purcell's day were not considered in the least obnoxious, are, in the present age of delicate refinement, no longer tolerated: for example—in the Duet, "Hark, my Daridear," where the lady and gentleman are talking of their intention to "drop from above, in a jelly of love," would it not have

been more decorous to have given this passage as it is altered in Dr. Clarke's edition, (and as it is always performed at the Antient Concerts,) instead of retaining the original words from the "Orpheus Britannicus?"

We hope Mr. Corfe will avail himself of this hint, in preparing the Second Volume; for we should be sorry to see any thing objectionable retained, (if it could be rejected without lessening the effect or expression of the music,) as it might probably injure the general circulation of the Work.

The admirable Frost Scene from "King Arthur" is, we suppose, reserved by Mr. Corfe, to adorn the Second Volume; and from the manner in which he has arranged the different pieces in this volume, we sincerely hope that he will meet with such encouragement as will induce him to complete his task immediately.

As our readers may probably wish to know something of the history of this celebrated composer, we flatter ourselves that the following authentic biographical sketch, from the pen of Dr. Burney, (which Mr. C. has judiciously inserted in his preface) will not prove unacceptable:—

"Henry Purcell is as much the pride of an Englishman in Music, as Shakespear in the productions of the Stage—Milton in Epic Poetry—Lock in Metaphysics—or Sir Isaac Newton in Philosophy and Mathematics—He was born in 1658. His father, Henry, and uncle, Thomas Purcell, were both musicians, and gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, at the restoration of King Charles the IId. From whom Henry received his first instructions in music, cannot be very clearly ascertained: but his father dying in 1664, when he was no more than six years old, it is probable he was qualified for a chorister by Captain Cook, who was master of the children from the restoration till the time of his death, 1672; for as Purcell was appointed organist of Westminster Abbey at 18 years of age, he must have learned the elements of his art before his 14th year; at which time Pelham Humphrey, brought up in the Royal Chapel under Captain Cook, was appointed his successor as master of the boys.—At 24, in 1682, he was advanced to one of the three places of organist of the Chapel Royal, on the death of Edward, the successor of Dr. Christopher Gibbons, in the same station.

"After this he produced so many admirable compositions for the church, and the chapel of which he was organist, and where he was sure of having them better performed than elsewhere, that his fame was soon extended to the remotest parts of the kingdom. From this time his Anthems were eagerly procured, and heard with pious rapture wherever they could be performed; nor was (he) suffered long to devote himself totally to the service of the church.

"He was very early in his life solicited to compose for the stage, and chamber, in both which undertakings he was so superior to all his predecessors, that his compositions seemed to speak a new language; yet, however different from that to which the public had been long accustomed, it was universally understood. His songs seem to contain whatever the ear could then wish, or heart could feel. In the sweetest species of chamber music which he attempted, he so far surpassed whatever our country had produced or imported before, that all other musical productions seem to have been instantly consigned to contempt and oblivion. Exclusive admirers of modern symmetry and elegance may call Purcell's taste barbarous; yet in spite of superior cultivation and refinement, in spite of all the vicissitudes of fashion, through all his rudeness and barbarism, original genius, feeling, and passion are, and ever will be, discoverable in his works, by candid and competent judges of the art.

"The following is the inscription which may perpetuate both the marble and his memory:—

Here lies
HENRY PURCELL, Esq.
who left this life,
And is gone to that blessed place
where, only, his harmony
can be exceeded.
Died 21st Nov. 1695—aged 37.

CATALOGUE OF NEW MUSIC.

Guida Armonica, by J. Jouse, Professor of Music—1*l.* 1*s.*

The whole of this treatise does great credit to Mr. Jousse. It seems he at first intended merely to publish a few pages in illustration of his "Harmonic Tree," in order to render that ingenious invention of more general utility; but finding his materials increase, he delayed the publication until the present comprehensive volume was completed.

After a short introduction, in which the name and species of intervals, the nature and use of concords, the scales, the modes and the accent are explained, he proceeds to the treatise, which is divided into three parts:—In the First, the origin, name, and signature of all the chords, either fundamental or derived, are explained and exemplified.—The Second Part treats of the use and application of the chords in harmony, fundamental progressions, the preparation and resolution of discords, the accompaniment of the scale, sequences, cadences, modulation, and the various genera are successively expounded.—The Third Part is on thorough bass, as it relates to the accompaniment of vocal and instrumental music; the signatures of the chords are explained, the rules of accompaniment illustrated, and numerous directions given for the accompaniment of songs, solos, recitatives, &c.

In his introduction, Mr. Jousse has the following interesting passage relative to the first invention of thorough bass:—"The invention of thorough bass is generally attributed to Ludovico Viadana, Chapel Master of the cathedral at Mantua, in 1605, and a composer of great merit.

"Before him, organists who had some church music to accompany (which chiefly consisted of motetts), used to transcribe the different parts into one system, according to the tablature then in use; a method which was very laborious and troublesome to the performer. To clear those difficulties, Viadana imagined to express the chords, by placing over the bass notes figures and other marks, which were to be a kind of short-hand in the harmonic language. He likewise wrote a few explanatory remarks and rules towards regulating the progressions of harmony. His system was universally adopted; and ingenious writers in every country successively improving upon his invention, the obstacles that retarded the progress of musical science were at length removed, the laws of harmony were gradually established into a code, and a complete system was formed, which, though it may differ in some trifling particulars, according to various authors and countries, yet, in reality, is the same everywhere."

Throughout the work Mr. Jousse has displayed the most intimate knowledge of his subject, and has conveyed his instructions in the most clear, concise, and unaffected manner. The rules and directions he has given for accompanying with propriety vocal and instrumental music, are particularly excellent;—in no treatise have we seen the subject so amply and satisfactorily pursued, and so judiciously, so ably handled.

The plain good sense and truth of the following remarks will be instantly acceded to by every competent judge; and we recommend it as a valuable lesson to those accompanyists (and there are many) who are more emulous of displaying their own abilities, than of assisting the singer.

"To accompany with propriety, a performer must think only of supporting and setting forth the principal parts; and he executes skilfully his own part, when the effect of it is felt without being too much noticed. Whenever the accompanyist tries to ingross the attention to his performance, he ruins the execuiton of the piece, and set (*sets*) the hearers out of patience: the more he aims at being admired, the more ridiculous he becomes; and as soon as by a noisy accompaniment, or misapplied flourishes, he takes away the attention from the principal parts, whatever talent or execution he displays, shews his vanity and bad taste."

Although, we believe, this work was published before the period we had fixed for the commencement of our review, yet we willingly overlook this circumstance, in consideration of its very great merit; and with pleasure recommend it as perfectly calculated to attain Mr. Jousse's avowed object.

SUMMARY OF POLITICS.

On Peace.

THE late overtures of peace made to this country by the French government have not excited those strong and general sensations which the approaching end of an ordinary contest would naturally have occasioned among a humane and generous nation. In these calamitous times, when the finest and noblest feelings which warm and exalt the human mind have been perverted, to the ruin and degradation of the species, the consciousness of virtue itself becomes a source of apprehension; and with the sacred names of liberty, humanity, and peace, the idea of anarchy, havock, perfidy and servitude obtrudes itself to the affrighted imagination.—We are not among those who believe, or wish to inculcate a belief, that revolutionary principles are no longer to be dreaded, and that the papal unction could, by a talismanic power, transmute the basest metal into the finest ore. We mark the murderer the easier, from the blood-stained mantle of the victim he has despoiled; and we trace, in the exertion of his power, the baneful influence of the destructive principles by which he has obtained it. The smoaking ruins of Germany, Italy, and Spain proclaim aloud the "heir of jacobinism;" hypocrisy, murder, and perfidy, crouching for employment on a more extensive stage, have hailed the genuine offspring; nor has the scrutinizing eye of anxious accomplices been able to discover in him the slightest deviation from the hereditary principles, the least symptom of virtuous degeneracy.

We know that moral considerations have seldom great weight in politics; but surely, when a monstrous system of universal destruction is supported by an immense power; when all former propositions have uniformly covered a snare in which the unwary have fallen and perished: when treaties with the French ruler have served only to seal the doom of nations, and by drawing closer the bond of union, have brought unsuspecting and disarmed victims within his grasp; it behoves a great and powerful nation, which has hitherto braved his utmost efforts, and cannot perish, unless lulled into false security, to pause and consider before it accepts the proffered friendship.

These truths are so obvious, that we might have dispensed with re-producing them here, were not attempts sedulously made, even in this country, to throw on Great Britain the blame and odium of a protracted warfare. To refute men pleading, perhaps in earnest, the cause of suffering humanity, (and God knows it has abundantly suffered, of late,) is surely an ungracious task, yet there may be cruelty in mercy, and want of common prudence in liberality. Leaving, however, aside all extraneous considerations, the question is reduced simply to this—Is Buonaparte sincere in his propositions of peace?—Is peace possible, in the present situation of affairs?

To the first question, (is Buonaparte sincere in his proposals for peace?) we answer decidedly in the negative. We do not, however, pretend to say, that a short interval of repose might not prove acceptable to him in the present circumstances; a truce, such as that of Amiens, would afford him an opportunity of consolidating his newly-acquired power, and of effectually smothering the last spark of patriotism, which still animates the Tyrolese, the Carinthians, and the Spaniards. He dreads an opposition springing from that sacred scource, more than all the efforts of the worn-out despotisms of Europe: it may awake in his subjects sentiments of sympathy, and bring powerfully to their recollection, that liberty which he has himself betrayed, and at last completely destroyed. A truce would afford him an opportunity of completing some bloodlessu surpation like that of Piedmont, immediately after the signing of the treaty of Amiens; and to remonstrances no longer supported by arms, he would answer, as he did to Lord Whitworth, "these are trifles you should have foreseen," *(ce sont des*

misères que vous auriez dû prévoir.) Switzerland is probably the next in succession, and a truce alone could remove the difficulties he must naturally expect in this undertaking, from the assistance those brave people would receive from the Tyrolese and the Illyrians, and from the diversion of Spain. When separated from those natural allies, they must fall without a blow. But there is another political change evidently in contemplation, in which we are far more deeply interested, and which would increase manifold his means of carrying his threats against this country into execution. We mean the reunion of Norway to Sweden, and the revival of the paramount influence of France in that country. All Europe knows that Norway, with several other provinces, had been offered by Buonaparte to the unfortunate Gustavus, as the price of his subserviency. It is no less notorious, that Sweden has now enlisted under the banners of France, as a member of the Rhenish confederacy; that its king, so praised by Buonaparte, is in fact become one of his most devoted vassals, and is, as such, treated with peculiar indulgence and regard. Can it be supposed that Buonaparte, having now found a tractable tool, will abandon his designs on Norway? or that he will forget the assistance William the Conqueror derived from the attack made on the eastern coasts of our island by the Norwegians? While we are an armed nation, our assistance, and the inveterate antipathy of the Norwegians against the Swedes, may render this scheme abortive; but in the event of a truce, what power can guarantee the independence of Norway?

Lastly, from the actual state of France, there can be no doubt but a truce would be eminently useful to Buonaparte. A truce would put a stop to the murmuring of two-thirds of France, reduced to the lowest degree of misery; a truce of two years would mature for slaughter the two least productive classes of the conscription; a truce would enable him to replenish his coffers with the gold wrung, drop by drop, from the hands of his wretched subjects; for such is the nature of despotism, the resources of credit are beyond its reach, but it hoards for the execution of its plans the exudant produce of extortion. A truce of two years would enable him to fill his arsenals with naval stores, to build vessels, to collect his seamen, and to reorganize those corps (especially the marine artillery) to which the French navy, during the American war, was indebted for its reputation. He would then renew the contest with all the additional advantages we have enumerated; nor can we conceive what security our government can require or obtain that such will not really be the case.

Indeed the whole of Buonaparte's conduct evidently proves that he considers the political existence of this country as incompatible with his own. His system of revolutionary empire is founded on the total subversion of all European governments, as was the republican system on the destruction of all religious and civil institutions in France; and the means employed in both cases are precisely the same. But as long as England remains under arms, the bravery and the loyalty of her inhabitants will equally repel violence and perfidy. Can the same security be obtained by a truce? To answer this question, let it be recollected in what manner Buonaparte employed the short interval of repose which followed the treaty of Amiens. Engineers, under the name of consuls, were sent to survey our coasts and our fortifications; the misguided Irish were tampered with and urged to rebellion; and the renewal of the intercourse with France was actually marked by insurrection and slaughter. Nor were the agents of the treacherous foe less active in the East. The defection of the native princes of India soon followed the introduction of his emissaries into that country; and a French empire was actually formed on the banks of the Jumna. He had already secured the fresh usurpation we have mentioned before, and armaments were fitting in all his ports, under cover of the San-Domingo expedition—a pretence of which he might still, and no doubt, would avail himself, should peace be concluded now.

We therefore give full credit to Buona-

parte for his sincerity in desiring a truce, which would afford him a far greater scope than he now possesses, to unfold his ulterior plans against this country; but we cannot for one moment entertain the idea that he really wishes for such a peace as England can accept—" a peace, consistent with the honour and security of these realms."—— Some of the foregoing observations may tend to support the opinion, which is still further strengthened by the issue of the negociations opened by Mr. Fox. We might also quote that passage of Bonaparte's speech to his senate, in which he says, " I will show myself beyond the Pyrennées, and the affrighted Leopard will fly to the ocean;"— and this, when overtures of peace had actually been determined upon, and after the declaration contained in the *Moniteur*, (we believe of the 17th of November,) that " England could not in honour abandon the Spanish nation." But we wish principally to rest our opinion on the impossibility of peace in the present circumstances, and on the consciousness Buonaparte must feel of that impossibility.

Leaving political rectitude aside, and we believe that in the present case no one will be disposed to lay much stress on it, the only security of peace between two rival nations is the fear of the calamities which may result from a renewal of hostilities; for belligerent powers are towards each other in a state of nature: but to make this security reciprocal, it requires that between the two parties some parity should exist, as to the means of annoyance and defence; that each should have a proportionable share of evils to apprehend from a first and sudden aggression; and that each should possess, either in itself or by its allies, adequate means of retaliation. Now how do France and England stand toward each other, in these respects? Six years of warfare have hardly matured into perfection the only efficient system of annoyance England can adopt against France—that of seizing its colonies, and destroying its navy and commerce; and should war be renewed after a truce of two years, an equal lapse of time would be necessary to reduce that country to its present state of distress. Should France, on the contrary, be able to bring its means of annoyance to bear against this country, immediate destruction might follow; and a truce alone could afford that opportunity, by bringing the *peace* establishment of the two countries more upon a par. The struggle would then be, not between the navy of England and that of Buonaparte, but between the whole population of Europe and 16,000,000 of British. To talk, therefore, about an equality of danger to be apprehended from a sudden aggression, would be as preposterous as to compare the assistance we may receive from our allies, Sicily and Sardinia, with that which Buonaparte derives from his vassals. Even those allies would be placed, by a truce, at the mercy of the enemy; nor is it likely, that in the bustle of the breaking out of a new war we could protect them from sudden invasion. At the conclusion of a treaty, Hanover too might be restored, to be seized again at the first opportunity, and thus to augment our dependency on Buonaparte, in the event of a renewal of hostilities.

We have purposely omitted to speak of Spain: indeed we regard her cause as hopeless, however meritorious; and we should not be surprised if Buonaparte were to delay answering the late communications from this government till some splendid victory over that unfortunate people enables him to say, " that our allies no longer stand in the way of negociation." But even that conquest, far from removing a principal object to a solid and secure peace, would, in our opinion, increase the difficulties, by adding materially to the advantages Buonaparte would possess, on the breaking out of a new war after a short repose. Before we can expect " a secure and honourable peace," the tyrant of Europe must feel and own that England is able to cope with him single-handed; and not a link must remain of his gigantic plan to exclude us from all commercial and political communication with the Continent.

America.

Our disputes with America are assuming a more serious aspect than could have been expected, from the spirit which seemed but a short time since to be growing up between that country and Great Britain.

It is not yet ascertained whether Mr. Erskine's ardour for acting the peace-maker may not have been imposed on; but it is obvious that the American cabinet were prepared to meet in Mr. Jackson a man of a different character. The President of the States seemed to have summoned up "war in procinct" for his reception, and the common forms of diplomatic politeness were violated, to give the new envoy a feeling of the opposition which he must be prepared to receive.

Mr. Smith, the Secretary to the United States, appears to have been instructed to throw every obstacle in the way of a fair adjustment. His first note is an insult, his second an invective. This does not prove that justice is on his side; there is in the general outline of his conduct something of that provoking petulance, that inquisitive and obtrusive spirit of insinuation, which could only be found in a little common-wealth's man, proud of his new rank, and anxious to be distinguished in it by his bustling officiousness. He pretends to be possessed of the secrets of the envoy, to have known that Mr. Erskine had brought out with him two sets of instructions, and that Mr. Jackson has been made the bearer of propositions which he protests to be inadmissible, at the moment in which he finds fault with him for not bringing them forward. Mr. Jackson's answers are those of a man who feels himself suspected. They are cold and reserved, not a little stern and sturdy, yet full of matter to which America and the world may look, and tremble for the consequences. America is evidently desirous of a war, but she has not calculated on its sufferings: Great Britain is openly desirous of peace, because she knows the sufferings of war. But she is prepared to submit to a necessary war, because she knows the degradation of an ignominious peace. Whatever may be the result, a large portion of the guilt of immediate hostility must fall on the American government. Politics are probably the only science in which there has been no advance since the first days of civil society. A miserable self interest has been the principle; a system of low, tricking, disciplined villainy has been the practice of the art. The most dextrous despiser of the common obligation of man to man has been the most masterly politician. In whatever age of the world that more fortunate period shall arrive, in which the great discovery shall be made, that virtue and vice do not alter their essence by the extent of their application; that what is abjured as a rule of conduct among individuals, cannot be exalted into a justifiable principle among the larger aggregates of those individuals; that generosity, frankness, justice and honor are not prejudicial in the great intercourse of nations; that in the direction of states, a crime can never be necessary: in whatever age man shall have so far shaken off the favourite prejudices of the system by which the world has been governed, he will be able to discover, and only then to discover, the full folly of which his nature is capable. America is going to war, and in the folly of her ambition is going to war with the power which has the means of inflicting consummate misery upon her. A moderate honesty, a moderate candour, a moderate forgiveness on the part of America, would save her the calamities of a struggle which may throw her back half a century. We do not expect any very heroic display of virtue to start up from among the diplomatists of the new world. The spirit of America has been altogether commercial; and with due honour to commerce and its spirit, we cannot doubt that it is precisely the one least fitted for the encouragement of the more manly and generous feelings. It offers nothing for the excitement of a grand ambition, nothing to rouse the nobler feelings, no splendid and superior object to catch the eagle eye of a young nation, and lift it above the earth. It inculcates valuable qualities, patience and economy; but its habits of gradual accumulation, its natural over-reaching, its little monopolies, its petty jealousies for

petty objects, go far to lower the native vigour of a national mind.

The eagerness of sudden gain was the only object and only feeling of the country. Benjamin Franklin appears to have been a prime mover of this unfortunate impulse; and America will have to regret, and to atone by great misfortunes, the readiness with which she devoted herself to the sordid objects which he placed before her weakness and her cupidity.

America has been once engaged in war, her cause was a just one, and she wearied out her antagonist. The people of America fought against the cabinet of England. The nations were not at enmity; and the people fighting in a just cause must always be victorious over a cabinet that has to combat both its enemy and its people. The British minister was defeated, not by the American, but by the British people. The war which confirmed the independence of the States has been so long past, and the triumph so just, that their efforts in the cause have attained all the fame, because all the success of patient sufferance, and advantageous heroism. But it may not be unwise in the American advocates for war to turn over the history of those days; to see the weakness, the disunion, the incapacity of her government, when the hour of trouble came to try them; the timidity of her soldiers, the treachery of her generals, the waywardness and insubordination of her people; armies clamorous for their discharge; and when that was delayed, disbanding themselves; provinces shrinking from the union, and only requiring an opportunity to throw themselves at the feet of their former masters.

It should not be forgotten that the safety of the country seems to have depended upon a few of those accidental circumstances on which a wise people would dread to rely for their national salvation: that if any other man than Washington had commanded the American armies, or any other man than Howe the British, in the early part of the contest the commonwealth must have fallen.

In the latter period of the struggle, the alliance of France interposed between America and the ruin from which the most devoted and ardent spirit of her settlers could not have saved her. This occurred when she had all advantages for carrying on a successful warfare; when her people were yet undebauched; when every man had property to defend, and the whole force of her population could be brought into the field; when the spirit of liberty was strong, and the spirit of traffic weak; when every American felt that he fought on a great theatre and for a great cause; not for the petty interests of a monopolizing and fraudulent trade, but for those rights and feelings, without which life is not to be preferred to death. Nothing can be more futile than the views of those, who imagine that the same success must attend the army of a nation, when the objects and means are different. America is now plunging, for the first time, into that monstrous anomaly in politics—a commercial war—that war, of which, as Burke has said, the object is to "purchase ten thousand hogsheads of sugar at ten thousand times their value;" throwing out of the question the sweeping crime of commencing a war which can be dispensed with.

The nearer and more immediate feeling of the national interest is adverse to it under every colour and shape of policy. Where are the resources of America for the war which she would be forced to wage? Have her rulers, standing on the verge of that tremendous gulph from which they may save, or into which they may plunge their country, taken time to reflect on the inadequacy of their means to their ambition? Three thousand miles of sea coast exposed to the navy of Britain! the depositories of the wealth and vital spirit of the country, the principal towns of that immense extent of sea-line, exposed to destruction! a turbulent and factious population! a range of provinces already too wide for union, and too dissimilar in interests, not to be easily induced to throw off a connexion, of which nothing but the burthens and the dangers have been left to them!

We know that the cry of war, though not unpopular in America, is adverse to the

opinions of the best informed men of that country: but we have unfortunately no reason to doubt the rash and evil intentions which governors may carry into effect, in defiance of the wisdom of the governed. Mr. Maddison has been uniformly a partizan of France; and if he should feel it too early to exhibit the ambition of her new master, he has no scruples in developing his relish for the policy which has characterised Napoleon. The same incessant reliance on subterfuge, with the same ready insolence of demand; the same spirit of wily diplomacy, with the same broad recourse to violence; the same disregard to the established forms of national communication, with the same contempt for the established principles of national law, distinguish them both. In Mr. Maddison's correspondence, through his secretary, with Mr. Jackson, there is observable a spirit which would justify the strongest reprisal. He forgets the dignity of America, in speaking of Great Britain; he lets down the dignity of a gentleman, in addressing her envoy.—There is, in the correspondence, the strong mark of all that distinguishes men raised to new power—a perpetual declaration of undenied authority, a perpetual assumption of undisputed right; a labour to discover that individual offence has been intended; a hot and haughty refusal of the explanation which would be satisfactory to feelings used to be treated with respect, and through the quiet consciousness that nothing could take it from them, not childishly and fretfully jealous of their dignity.

The grounds on which Mr. Erskine was sent to treat with America were—

1. That America and England should annul, at the same period, the orders in council and the non-intercourse bill.

2. That America should, during the war, relinquish the French colonial trade which she was not allowed to carry on during peace.

3. That England should be allowed to assist America in enforcing her embargo against France, as long as that power maintains her unjust edicts against British commerce.

Mr. Erskine gave up the spirit of those articles, and the treaty which he concluded was disavowed as soon as it was submitted to our cabinet. The Americans resumed the embargo. Mr. Jackson was sent out to examine into the difference, and to propose conciliation. On his arrival, he was treated with a coldness, which was sufficiently indicative of the fate of his mission; he was prohibited the oral communication which might most effectually make the objects of the contending parties meet each other; he was then desired to assign the reasons of his cabinet for disavowing Mr. Erskine's treaty. Those were stated with great plainness, and at great length, in a letter, which for distinctness, vigour, and closeness of reasoning, is perhaps not exceeded by any public note of modern times. This treaty was disavowed, as inconsistent with the instructions, and that with the knowledge of the American negociators; the reparation for the attack on the Chesapeake frigate was refused, because when offered, it was thrown back with insult.—After those declarations, Mr. Jackson conceived that on his part, making overtures was at an end, and that it was now the office of the American Secretary to offer proposals on the opposite side, which the British Envoy was to examine and decide upon, for the advantage of his nation. But this was not paying sufficient homage to the dignity of the Union.

Mr. Smith declares, that admitting all good-will on his part, the determination of the British Envoy to adhere to the principles on which he set out, would be an adequate reason for refusing to submit any propositions on the part of America.

This may show a want of acquaintance with the habits of diplomacy, but it shows something worse—a determination to withdraw from that spirit of justice and of reason which nations are, in almost every case, anxious to have apparently on their side.—America has obviously familiarised herself to the thoughts of hostilities with England, and probably feels, at this instant, our readiness for arbitration as an impediment—a dull delay to the exhibition of those powers, which

she is to send forth in pursuit of victory and renown.—We began our view of this subject by observing on the peculiar style of Mr. Smith's notes; it is peevish, fretful, and of a character perfectly novel to men accustomed to the cautious, guarded, polite ceremonial of European diplomacy. If we wanted any confirmation of the accounts which travellers have given us of the low education and vulgar habits of the American people, we might find it in those papers. But while she has still a moment for reflection, let America reflect on the balance of evil and good which vibrates before her. What can she conquer? Canada? The chance of war is even there against her. But does she want territory? Can she make use of even the tenth part of what she has? The evils are of a more real nature. The British navy sweeping her ships from every sea; laying her towns in ashes; making incursions on her coast; her seamen thrown out of employ, and reduced to the desperate necessity of living by plunder, (for the state cannot provide for them but by odious burdens upon the people, already irritated and impoverished); her trade totally abolished; the immense population that found the means of comfort and industry in the supply of that commerce struck down at once; the individual suffering from the loss of European and West Indian necessaries; the evil of introducing war taxes upon a people unused to their pressure, and unprepared for their supply; the dangers resulting to American liberty from the patronage which taxation throws into the hands of its governors; the danger resulting to the American Union from the inducements which may be held out for separation in a war with Great Britain; and among those dangers, the serious shock which must be given to public morals by the disorderly life of a soldier; who, besides being led into the excesses almost inseparable from a military life, may be made the instrument of the restless and unruly ambition which military habits naturally generate.

One material object is already gained on our side;—the mind of the British community is prepared for war, if war must be the result. They see through the thin pretences of American ambition. They know that, on the part of Britain, war is not commenced to swell the patronage of her ministers; nor on that of America, to obtain a right which it would be tyranny to refuse; that this child of Britain is jealous of the grandeur of her parent; that she is only anxious, in this moment of temporary feebleness, to seize, like Shakespear's Prince, the crown from the regal brow which it has so long circled; and, by an ungenerous and unfilial perfidy, place it upon her own. Our miserable expeditions have degraded us in the face of the world: we are not to wonder if the hasty calculation of American cupidity should have identified the nation with its ministers, and rushed into the error of conceiving that the present was the decisive time for insolent demand, and for successful aggression. But she will be disappointed: she will find that Britain cannot merely repel, but punish injury. That bowed low as her sacred head may be, sunk and pressed down by the visitation of human calamity, she is still strong enough to rebuke the unfeeling rapine which could dare to trench upon her sovereignty; that she still bears the sceptre and the pride of more prosperous times; that her strength has not altogether departed from her; and that still the aged nerve of Britain may be too strong for the youthful, unbroken, arrogant vigour of America.

The subsequent dismissal of Mr. Jackson is a strong testimony of the feverish irritation which agitates the blood of this trans-atlantic State. Petulance, more frequently than courage, provokes the ebullitions of inexperience; and history affords numerous examples of adolescent states over-eager in courting the hour of danger. Cool and determinate resolution should now direct the measures of our ministers: where they have nothing to fear, we may expect that wavering to cease which has rendered their conduct undecided, and their purposes ineffectual. America has renewed her Non-intercourse edict likewise, although with some slight palliatives.—A minister is sent to supply the place of Mr. Jackson, and we hope with credentials becoming British dignity.

DRAMATIC COMMENTS.

The Revenge of Dr. Young, continued.——Mr. Kemble's Zanga.

The scene in the second act, where Zanga prompts Alonzo to ask his friend's consent to his marriage with Leonora, contains many masterly touches. Friendship yielding to the impulse of love would have been a common and an easy delineation: in this, the regard which Alonzo bears his friend is acted upon by a villain, who is making the passion of love his instrument of revenge, and endeavouring to convert the very concessions of friendship into motives of jealousy. The hesitating question of Zanga "You will not wed her, then?" is exquisitely conceived, and requires that the actor should perfectly comprehend the situation in which the author intends to place him. The character of Alonzo is indeed too weak to sustain the interest which the spectator must certainly be inclined to feel in it. Voltaire, in his *Théâtre de Corneille,* frequently asserts that love must be the prime agent in a tragedy, or else must not be admitted into it, or at least must not influence the actions of the principal personages. Le Pere Brumoy also allows that terror and compassion are the emotions which it is the province of tragedy to invite. These observations of the French critics are not particularly applicable to the drama of their own country, which rather seems to have demanded a stateliness that must elevate the supposed situations of the actors far above the commiseration of the spectators. It is in nature that these remarks are founded, and no author has exhibited the truth of them more powerfully than Shakespear. His Othello is rather the beloved, than the lover, of Desdemona. He cancels no bond of friendship to obtain her hand: she admires the greatness of his soul, and of his actions, and becomes his, in despight of the authority of her father. The love of Othello therefore takes nothing from the sum of his other illustrious qualities, and we feel willing to permit the pride and magnanimity of such a man to be jealous of the amiable object who has attached herself to them. In the fall of such a man, our compassion is mingled with terror, even before he resolves on the murder of his wife: but in that astonishing scene, how forcibly are both these emotions united! Here the simplicity which the poet has bestowed on his lovely victim;—the playful innocence and tender attachment that are apparent in all her manners, impel our commisseration in her fate. Our terror at the deed of Othello is thereby increased, and the strictest disciple of the French or Grecian school must acknowledge the principal design of Tragedy to have been accomplished. Indeed no author conforms more closely to the rules of the ancients, which were derived from nature, than Shakespear—it is to the rules that were derived from religious or national customs, that the French tragedy prides itself on conforming. The character of Alonzo will not bear this investigation: he loves the mistress of his friend, and meanly listens to the advice of his slave to take advantage of his friend's misfortunes, and to wound his friend's bosom by asking his consent to his espousals. It is Carlos, not Alonzo, who rises in our esteem, and Leonora, though guiltless, oses much in our regard for her preference of the latter to the former. The pity, therefore, which should accompany the terror of the catastrophe, is already bestowed on Carlos, before the termination of the second act.

But while Dr. Young has rendered Alonzo abject rather than estimable, he has certainly made his suspicions appear more natural. He has virtually injured his friend, and he therefore more readily credits any suggestion that may lessen his friend's value and claims to his affection. If the poet had supported the character of Alonzo with any traits that might awaken our pity—had he made him simple and amiable, the unconscious and innocent, rather than the imbecile

tool of superior treachery, had he by any means saved him from our contempt, the third and fourth acts would have been interesting. The dark suggestion of Zanga in the speech "Not send him! ha!—that strikes me," is a most artful stroke. There is also consummate duplicity in Zanga's consolation—

"——— had he enjoy'd her,
Be most assur'd he had resign'd her to you
With less reluctance."

All this is severely felt by Alonzo, who replies with violent agitation,

———"Ha! resign her to me!
Resign her! who resign'd her? Double death!
How could I doubt so long?"———

In the fifth act the character of the heroine is found to possess the dignity or rather arrogance of virtue. The scene with Alonzo, at the termination of which she stabs herself, exibits much elevated sentiment, yet is strongly marked with the turgid inflation of the Gallic stage. That spirit which towers above vindication may be denominated the folly of innocence; and however it may influence the conduct of some people in real life, seldom gains our admiration any where but on the theatre. The weak and pusillanimous Alonzo sinks, in the mean time, beneath our consideration. It is now that the character of Zanga becomes truly horrible. The magnanimity which is founded on the most diabolical sentiments has little in it to attract; while the atrocities which accompany it make us shudder with disgust rather than terror. We acknowledge indeed that a Zanga may be found in existence, but we want not extravagant monsters, whose passions are carried so far beyond the boundaries of human nature. The fear and the pity which the plot of this tragedy seems at first view to claim, are lost in the author's attempts to raise in the minds of inconsiderate spectators a low sort of admiration. We feel none of that *majestic sorrow* which Brumoy tells us ought to be the consequence of theatrical terror and commiseration, and which he thus admirably describes: "Mais ce qui les rend encore plus agréables dans le spectacle, c'est que leur talent particulier est d'y remplir l'ame de cette tristesse majestueuse que ne produit ni l'amour, ni la haine, ni l'admiration, et dont le sentiment est plus exquis que tous ceux qui naissent des autres passions inspirées par une representation naïve." This is indeed pronounced in the judgment of true criticism, and is a proof of the intentions of Brumoy to endeavour to bring his countrymen back to the true characteristics of the drama. Where Dr. Young has imitated the habits of the French stage, he has set before himself those pieces which, although they have served as precedents to successive French tragedians, have been severely reprehended by the most enlightened critics of that nation. The French are in many respects good theorists, but their impetuosity and false taste for grandeur will not permit them to pursue the simplicity which they understand.

The Zanga of Mr. Kemble.

In a character, the excellence of which is that it requires deep study rather than natural feeling, Mr. Kemble may be expected to be found more than commonly successful. He is certainly great in Zanga: his understanding triumphs: he is in every respect the being of Dr. Young's creation; or if there is any deficiency in the portraiture, it is a want of *eagerness of deceit* with which the author strives to animate the otherwise *tedious treachery* which fills the third and fourth acts. In the first speech, when Zanga indulges the gloomy disposition of his soul amid the nocturnal tempest, Kemble is truly impressive. Actors who watch opportunities to rant have we heard, who in the following lines out-thunder the exertions of the very best stage-thunder-maker—

"Rage on, ye winds—burst, clouds—and waters, roar!
You bear a just resemblance of my fortune,
And suit the gloomy habit of my soul."

Kemble utters them with sullen and melancholy satisfaction. It is with the same dark satisfaction that he enters into the detail of his injuries, and of his hatred to Alonzo.— The words—

"To strike thee with astonishment at once,
I hate Alonzo!"———

and the prayer which concludes the disclosure of his motives and his hopes—

"———Be propitious,
O Mahomet! on this important hour,
And give, at length, my famish'd soul revenge!"

are marked with all that deep yet sombrous gratification which a demon may be supposed to feel, in contemplating evils which he longs to execute, but which he has not yet the means to perpetrate.

In the remainder of the first act the part of Zanga offers but little to our notice. It is in the second that his plot of vengeance bursts upon his mind. The grin of expectant malice ought to accompany these words:

"Ha! it dawns!
It rises to me like a new-found world!"

The manner of Mr. Kemble is here too contemplative. The ensuing scene with Isabella requires more earnestness than seems congenial with the dark brooding feature which Mr. Kemble gives it. Zanga has conceived a design suddenly: he is eager in seizing every circumstance that may bring his purpose to a successful conclusion. He fears to lose the rapid suggestions that are crowding into his mind: he calls for his tablets, and ere he has noted down two observations, he perceives his whole object to lie in his persuading Alonzo to ask Leonora of Carlos, and Carlos to accede to his friend's request. The consequences of this measure appear certain; and therefore, without directly noticing them, he enjoys a foretaste of his future revenge, by expatiating on the tortures of jealousy. All this Mr. Kemble seems to misapprehend, in one respect: his manner is too pensive and studious; his conception and perpetration are too cold; he forgets that Zanga is a hot and sanguine son of Africa, and that revenge and all its concomitant crimes are virtues in his estimation. Shakespear's Iago is a mean cold-blooded villain, under the dominion of a deadly impulse—the very slave of malice; while Zanga is impetuous, and believes himself instigated by honour and patriotism. The same critique applies to Mr. Kemble's representation of the first scene with Isabella in the third act: but there is so much judgment in the interviews with Alonzo, that although, as we have before observed, there is a great want of *eagerness*, we cannot withhold our admiration of this actor in many striking passages. The following—

"Was't his request? Are you right sure of that?—
I fear the letter was not all a tale"—

and the concluding speech, after hearing that Isabella has disposed of Carlos's picture so as to increase the rising jealousy of Alonzo—

———"O pang to think!
O dire necessity! is this thy province?
Whither, my soul! ah, whither art thou sunk
Beneath thy sphere?"———

The commencement of the fourth act offers a great scope for the peculiar powers of Mr. Kemble. The resolution of Alonzo to accuse his wife—

"And to her trembling heart presenting death,
Force all the secret from her"———

staggers the hopes of the wily African.—Zanga becomes gloomily contemplative for awhile, and then commences, with deliberate art, the narrative of his being eye-witness to the guilt of Carlos and Leonora. In all this Mr. Kemble is admirable: indeed so much does he here impel our applause, that we scarcely can believe that his languor in the subsequent scene is justly reprehensible. Indeed it must be acknowledged that in some speeches towards the end of the fourth act, he begins to put on the sanguine vehemence of the malicious villain whose purposes are converging to their conclusion. The speech beginning with "That's truly great!" is delivered with triumphant energy mingled with malignant persuasion. Of Mr.

Kemble's acting throughout the last scenes of this tragedy, we cannot speak too highly. When the irresolute Alonzo drops the dagger with which he meant to murder Leonora, Zanga's disappointment is wonderfully expressed by Mr. Kemble's tone and action:

" Death to my towering hopes!—Oh, fall
from high!
My close, long-laboured scheme at once is
blasted."

His instigations by which all the virtuous indignation of Leonora is excited, are delivered with exquisite duplicity. When Leonora has stabbed herself, and the remaining purpose of his vengeance is to rack the bosom of the confiding Alonzo by confessing the truth, the actor still shews himself equal to the expression of all the mingled emotions of gratified malice, contempt of death, the momentary throb of conscience, and the influence of involuntary compassion. The resolute and malignant spirit displayed in the soliloquy, " How stands the great account 'twixt me and vengeance?"—the subsequent confession,

" Thy wife is guiltless—that's one transport
to me;—
And *I*—*I* let thee know it:—that's another!"

and the violent ebullitions of extravagant vengeance which follow, are all excellent specimens of Mr. Kemble's highest powers: but in the last scene, where Zanga kneels over the prostrate Alonzo, the actor may be almost said to surpass his author: the living comment is richer in expression of all the sensations of returning humanity than even the fine expressive poetry of the text.

Mr. Young attempted this arduous part on Wednesday last; but as he had scarcely learned the words, and much less studied the utterance of them, his attempt was a complete failure. We have never seen Mr. Young to greater disadvantage.

DRAMATIC MEMOIR.

MR. COOKE.

Mr. George Frederick Cooke was born in the Barracks at Dublin, in 1756. His father was a subaltern in one of the regiments that composed the garrison. When about two years of age, he accompanied his father to London, where he continued till 1763, when he was placed at school in the north of England. It was here he became infected, as he himself calls it, with theatrical *mania*. From a clergyman in the town he procured the loan of a complete edition of Shakspeare's works, which he deligently read by day, and meditated on by night. A party of his school companions agreed to get up a play among themselves, and our hero was consulted on the choice of the drama best calculated for representation.—He fixed on *Hamlet*, intending the principal character for himself: but a senior schoolfellow laid claim to it, and he was obliged to content himself with Horatio. However he was in some measure consoled, by receiving a much greater share of applause than his rival. The next piece he took part in was *Cato*, and to avoid altercation, it was agreed to cast lots for the Dramatis Personæ. Cooke drew Lucia; and such was the chagrin he felt at the idea of wearing a petticoat instead of strutting in a Roman toga, that it had nearly quenched the ardour of his passion, and crushed his scenic ambition: but the applause he received encouraged him. He left school in 1771, went to sea, and afterwards embarked in business; but less from inclination than necessity. Coming to a legacy, left by a distant rela-

tion, when he was about twenty-one, he quitted business to indulge in his favorite passion:—but he did not make his *debut* on public boards till after he had got through his inheritance. His first appearance was in 1788, at the Haymarket Theatre, in the character of Castilio, in the *Orphan*, for the benefit of Mrs. Massey; and he met with such success as determined him to embrace the profession. He played two or three subsequent nights, and then joined a provincial company. From this period till 1786, (with the exception of two years, when a second windfall enabled him to act the part of the gentleman *at large*,) Cooke ran the customary round of Thespian itinerary. In July 1786 he came out at the York Theatre in the part of Count Baldwin, the same night that Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance at that Theatre in Isabella in the *Fatal Marriage*. The May following he joined the Newcastle Company, with whom he continued four years, performing successively at Newcastle, Chester, Lancaster, Preston, &c. In November 1794, he visited the capital of the sister kingdom, at the express invitation of Mr. Daly, director of the Dublin stage. He returned to England the following year, and in March 1796 he rejoined the Manchester company, by whom his talents were much respected. In Oct. 1797 Mr. Cooke made a second trip to Dublin, where he remained three years, rapidly rising in celebrity and favor. The state of internal policy and economy rendering it necessary to secure a powerful accession of talent, in the event of certain contingencies then undecided, the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre made Mr. Cooke, whose reputation was now very great, too tempting an offer for him to refuse; and thus the town is indebted to Mr. Harris for one of the brightest ornaments of the profession. Mr. Cooke made his *debut* in *Richard the Third*, October 31, 1800.—His appearance excited the greatest degree of interest and curiosity, and it was crowned with the most distinguished *eclat* and success. In the space of four months he repeated the character no less than fifteen times, and always to overflowing houses. To review the merit of Mr. Cooke's performances in the several characters he has sustained on the London boards, would carry us beyond the limits we must prescribe ourselves at present. Four days after his first appearance he played Shylock in the *Merchant of Venice*, which sustained the reputation he had acquired in *Richard the Third*. November 14 he appeared in the whimsical character of Sir Archy Macsarcasm, in Macklin's farce *Love à la Mode*, which, till Mr. Cooke's performance, never found an adequate representative since the secession of the author from his professional functions.—Iago, in the *Moor of Venice*, was the next essay, November 28.—December 5, he acted the Hero in *Macbeth*; and on the 17th, came out in Kitely in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*.—Formed with a cast of features peculiarly adapted for the sarcastic, his performance of Sir Archy and Sir Pertinax Macsycophant afford an incontestable proof that this is the line in which he is qualified to excel beyond competition.—Mr. Cooke is of a middle stature, rather stout. His features are strongly drawn, and capable of the most varied and contrasted inflexion. It is in the command of those, and the forcible expression of his eye, that his superior excellence in a great measure consists.—With less gesticulation and less mechanical effort than perhaps any other actor on the stage, he draws a bold, decisive outline, and makes a deep impression on the mind:—In soliloquies he is eminently conspicuous; he delivers them as they ought to be delivered—as a kind of self conference, in which a man may be said to be communicating with his own feelings, instead of addressing them to the audience.

KING'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

The Italian Opera is evidently upon the decline in this country. We do not mean to insinuate, that it is not patronized or encouraged as much as formerly; on the contrary, we think it meets with both the one and the other, beyond its pretensions or merit. We have been so long accustomed to associate ideas of taste, science, and excellence, with the productions at this theatre, that our disappointments are increased by the recollection. Instead of the admirable Operas of Gluck, Paesiello, Cimarosa, Winter, Mozart, &c. &c. with which we have been so often delighted, we are now forced to endure the trifling and even contemptible effusions of professors, whose talents scarcely exceed the necessary qualifications of a composer for the Circus, or Amphitheatre. As the public pay so liberally for this amusement, they are certainly entitled to expect something more than the *facilities* of Pucitta, or the *dregs* of Guglielmi. If the productions at this theatre during the last season, were but indifferent, this season they are bad. The name of Guglielmi led us to expect something worthy of praise: we had given the present composer credit for a sort of hereditary talent, and conceived that at least the ghost of his father might have pervaded his works. But no such thing.—There is not a spark of that genius which illumined his father's works discoverable in those of the son. All the Operas of this season have been composed by Mr. G., with the exception of one, said to be by Signor Per; but of this more by and bye. We consider it as no light proof, that the public has not lost all pretensions to taste and discrimination, that these Operas have been rather endured than received. None of that tumultuous expectation has preceded their appearance; none of that rapturous expression of pleasure and applause, which we have formerly been accustomed to hear and experience, has attended the performance of this composer's works. A tame and meagre mediocrity, a tedious prosing monotony pervades them, and tires and fatigues the audience, who assemble without expectation, and separate without satisfaction. To the merits of the professors who compose the orchestra we cannot be too liberal; they deserve, individually and collectively, the utmost extent of our praise. But here, again, what should be a source of pleasure, tends to increase our disappointment: conscious of what their united powers are competent to effect, we only regret the more that such abilities should be so miserably employed. But there is one innovation which runs retrograde to all our ideas of improvement, that we consider it as a farther proof (if any such were wanting) of the *taste* of Mr. Guglielmi; we allude to Signor G.'s introduction of the harpsichord instead of the grand piano-forte. We do not know if this dereliction from good taste has been pointed out to Signor G., but we have observed, with great satisfaction, that he has not employed it so much in accompanying the recitatives, as he did at the opening of this theatre. Yet we fear the performers will not be equally satisfied with ourselves at this circumstance, as they depend, in a great measure, upon the assistance to be derived from this accompaniment; Mr. G.'s performance, therefore, in the orchestra, is either disagreeable to the audience, or useless to the singer, the latter of whom would experience considerable inconvenience, if it were not for the admirable manner in which they are prompted by Mr. W. Linley on the violoncello. We recommend Signor G. to pay a farther deference to public opinion, by immediately restoring the grand piano-forte to its accustomed place in the orchestra.

Of the opera of *Sidagero*, said to be composed by Signor Per, we have not formed the highest opinion: indeed, if it really was composed by that ingenious writer, which we doubt, we should suspect the motive for its choice was a desire to keep Signor Guglielmi's

KING'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

productions in countenance. It requires no inconsiderable extent of faith to believe this opera was written by the author of "*Il Fanatico per la Musica*;" but this inferiority may arise from the former being a serious opera: and a very serious one we found it.

Of the performers who are engaged this season, we can only mention three, who have any claim to public attention: these are Signora Collini, and Signors Tramezzani and Naldi; the former is *prima donna buffa*, and in that situation she is certainly entitled to considerable praise. She is a good figure, and her person is prepossessing and agreeable: her voice is clear and powerful, her action is appropriate, and her manners possess a naiveté that is well adapted for the characters she was designed to represent. But we cannot avoid censuring, either her ambition, or the mismanagement of the manager, in bringing her forward in parts not at all suited to her style of acting, and in songs but ill adapted to the display of her powers. This is doing an injustice, both to her and the public, and does not contribute to disguise or to diminish the want of a *prima donna seria*. We recommend to this young actress to avoid the obvious imitation of Madame Catalani. She has natural talents, which properly cultivated would render any imitation unnecessary. She certainly wants science, and though not deficient in taste, requires a certain degree of polish, without which even the diamond is less valuable.

Signor Tramezzani is an excellent singer: his voice partakes of the nature and compass of the baritono which is between the tenor and bass: his higher notes are the best, and approach nearer to those of perfect tenor, than any thing we have heard for some years. His style is chaste, yet ornamented; it is equally distant from the vapid frippery of Braham, and the tameness of Mr. Harrison's style; although in general Signor T. sings much better in tune than many whom we heard upon the stage, yet we have occasionally observed him too sharp and (though rarely) too flat. We should not have noticed this defect in a performer of less celebrity and science. We like Signor T. much better in serious than in comic operas. His person is manly and noble; his action is graceful and energetic; qualities we seldom see united; but it is not always equally chaste with his singing: he occasionally oversteps the modesty of nature, and treads upon the heels of pantomine. We only regret that the *prima donna seria* is not arrived. Naldi is too well known, and too deservedly a favourite with the public, to render any comment upon his peculiar merits, necessary.

We will not entertain our readers with the discords which have suspended the harmony between Monsieur Deshayes and the manager; we are happy, however, to learn that they have been satisfactorily resolved, and are no longer a bar to that concord which ought to subsist between a performer of eminence and the manager of the Temple of Apollo. We rejoice to hear they are now in perfect unison.

Of the music of the ballets, produced this season, by Ferrari and Venua, we wish it were in our power to speak in terms of praise; but the fact really is that these productions are as equally distant from what they ought to be, as Guglielmi's operas are distant from those by Winter and Mozart. We think the present low ebb of the Italian Opera affords a very favourable opportunity, of which, we hope, the proprietors and patrons of the English Operas will avail themselves; at present they are very much upon a par, and whichever can now get the start, will probably maintain its ground; there is no want of native talent; it only wants to be elicited to be encouraged, and a proper direction given to its exertions.

MEMOIRS OF SIGNORA COLLINI.

WITH HER PORTRAIT.

Giossepina Collini was born at Turin Nov. 10, 1784. Her father was engaged in a civil employment in the service of his majesty the king of Sardinia. In 1805 she was married to Mr. Collini, an advocate, and son to Collini the famous sculptor, principal of the academy at Turin and Rome, who enjoyed several other posts and honours under his Sardinian majesty. At his death he left a pretty considerable fortune to his son, who was at that time an officer in the king of Sardinia's service.

But his inexperience, the revolution, and the arrival of the French at Turin, obliged Mr. Collini to leave that place with his family, and take up their residence in Milan. Here Mad. Collini began to apply herself to the study of music for her amusement, but having spent the small fortune which they possessed, she very soon determined to follow it as a profession.

In 1806 she was invited to sing at the theatre at Plaisance. Her friends persuaded her to accept the proposal, and she sang in public for the first time with the famous David and Crescentini. She afterwards sung at Milan with Mons. Siboni; she was engaged soon after as the prima donna buffa, at the same house. She left Plaisance, and was engaged for sometime at Parma and at Milan.

In 1808 she came out as principal actress at the Italian theatre at Amsterdam, where she remained a twelvemonth, at the end of which time she accepted an offer in the same capacity at the Opera-house in London.

In 1809 she sang with Signors Siboni, Naldi, Righi, Morelli, &c. In 1810 with the famous Tramezzani, of whom we flatter ourselves we shall be able to gratify our readers with some account in our next. With respect to the merits of Signora Collini as a singer, we have given our opinion so much at length in our strictures upon the Opera, that we beg leave to refer our readers to it. Her disposition is lively, and her manners amiable. She is said to possess a degree of generosity not very frequently attributed to foreigners; in this respect she forms a striking contrast to Madame Catalani, the vigilance of whose husband will prevent *her* from becoming either the victim of a too generous heart, or the dupe of a too liberal hand. If we might venture to advise an inexperienced foreigner, it would be to avoid being entangled in the cabals of the Opera-House, and to consider it her duty as it ought to be her pride, to perform every part she undertakes to the utmost extent of her abilities. If the managers impose upon her, songs of a description not calculated to the display of her powers; if they make her perform the most serious instead of the most comic parts; the public will not blame her if she performs them as well as she can. Let her endeavour to improve herself in the scientific part of music, and cultivate a style of singing completely her own, and she will not fail to become a favourite of the public.

COSTUME.

Delineation of, and Remarks on, the present Style of Personal Decoration.

The birth day dresses were neither remarkable for splendour, elegance or novelty; the same monotonous uniformity, which has for some time prevailed in the regions of fashion, appears to have shed its influence over the atmosphere of St. James; we have therefore, only to select from the most fashionable circles in private life, and we sincerely wish, that some meteor in that horizon would make its appearance to excite the admiration, as well as imitation of the inferior stars, that usually twinkle with a borrowed light, for at present they appear to be most lamentably extinguished.

Morning dresses of cloth or bombazeen made high in the neck, laced in the back, worked with chenille or narrow ribbon. A lace ruff or frill, is worn round the neck: it gives a relief to the monotony of this dress. A cap to set close to the head, of rich French work, with a full narrow lace in front. Cocquilico and orange are the most prevailing colours and most appropriate to the season.

Walking or carriage dress. Pelisses or mantles of velvet brocade or cloth trimmed with swandown, ermine, or crape feather trimming: the latter is an entire new article; it is rich and beautiful. It was much worn on the birth day both as palatines and for the trimming of the dresses. Purple and cocquilico are the most favorite colours. At present small Paris pokes are the newest head ornament, made of the same materials as the pelisse or mantle. It is equally useful for walking as for a carriage and retains its elegance when worn with a veil.

Evening dress. Satin, crape, and velvet are most used in evening habilliments, they are much ornamented with gold or embroidery of chenille, they are made with long sleeves, but these are short in full dress. The head ornaments are diamonds, pearls, and amaranthesis, mounted à l'antique. The Persian turban is also in great favor, it is in general, composed of gold or silver tissue. In this case it will admit of no ornament, except an esprit, or feathers spangled, which is placed in front. When intended to be ornamented with jewels, it is made of plain materials, such as crape, fine muslin, or Persian sarsnet. The Persian slipper made of gold or silver brocade rather high in front with a small buckle is worn with a plain stocking. White or pale blush coloured gloves, white fans of fine worked ivory with a small elegant painting in the centre are most used in the fashionable circles. Velvet and satin demy mantles, trimmed with swandown or crape feather trimming are worn in the evening.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT,

FOR JANUARY, 1810.

In an agricultural report for the month of January, never perhaps had the writer an opportunity of recording such extraordinary mildness of the season, as has occurred in the beginning of the year 1810; which commenced with all the warm temperature of the spring. Primroses were seen; fruit trees blossomed; shrubs exhibited their budding leaves; birds built their nests, and laid their eggs. A very sudden change of the weather, however, happened on the 14th, and all the rigour of winter was felt in its severest power; the ground was soon covered with snow, and in a few hours, the thermometer

was 16 degrees *below* the freezing point. The labours of the husbandman changed also; the ploughman was compelled to relinquish his usual occupation, and was advantageously employed in conveying to the soil, that portion of manure, which is necessary to make the earth bring forth her increase. The number of flails were likewise augmented; the barn finding employment for those, who before were at field work; and the sudden and great demand for straw, was readily furnished to the cattle, which were taken from the green pastures to shelter in the high fenced yards. Relative to the growing crops, we learn from Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Wilts, and some other counties, that the young wheats continue to look vigorous; but in Sussex, in the Weald, the unusual quantity of rain, that fell in December, proved very injurious to the wheat crop; and in Kent, where the floods reached, such grain has been entirely destroyed; and from Warwickshire, there are similar complaints. Michaelmas tares promise well, the season having been particularly favourable for them, as well as recently transplanted lucern roots, which, in many instances, have been put into the ground during the late open weather. Turnips, from almost all parts of the kingdom, are reported to be greatly improved, yielding much more food than could have been expected; and they are much decreased in price, in several districts, especially in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and other large towns, the cow-keepers having been enabled to obtain so much food for their stock in the meadows. In Norfolk, where the turnips were deposited with Mr. Blythe's manure drill, as mentioned in a former number of this work, the crop is found to possess considerable advantages. Coleworts and cabbages continue to have a healthy appearance, having already carried much stock, and fodder likewise, of every description, has been amazingly plentiful. The winter fallowing, which had been retarded by the lateness of wheat seed, has since proceeded with great activity and success, the lands now lying up in a good husbandry manner. In the Southern countries, ploughing for spring corn and summer tills, is commenced, and such work has altogether been well done. In the corn markets, little variation (speaking generally) had occurred when this report went to press, in the prices of that grain which is the chief sustenance of human life; but there are some few exceptions. In Sussex, bread corn has been dearer than in other places; which is attributed to a rapidly increasing population, owing to an influx of the military, and of strangers passing to and from the sea coast, and their occasional residence at the different watering places, bringing at least forty thousand more people to maintain during one third of the year, while no additional land has been brought into cultivation. In Suffolk, wheat declined a little in value, but not sufficiently to have any effect on the price of flour; and the same remark applies to Derbyshire; but in East Lothian, the sale has been very dull, on account of the extreme inferiority of the quality. We consider, that throughout the kingdom, the average price for this grain, during the last month, has been from 45 to 48 shillings per coomb. In Sussex, there has been a good deal of American flour imported, but which is found to be mixed with *British* that is a good deal damaged. Barleys have been brought to market in very great abundance, and we find all our former remarks confirmed, relative to the badness of the chief bulk of this crop. In Lincolnshire particularly, the growers, make heavy complaints, because it will not malt, and the *duty* being so great, the buyers will not venture to purchase on such an uncertainty. In Norfolk, also, that description of barley has only with great difficulty been turned into money, even at the reduced prices of 7 and 8 shillings per coomb to the prime samples which have been readily sold at 20 and 21 shillings; and these statements appear to be applicable to almost every district. Oats remain very steady, from 12 to 15 shillings; beans have been sold at from 22 to 26 shillings, and in some places at 28 and 30 shillings, according to their quality, and the demand for them; grey peas have fetched from 22 to 25 shillings; and boilers, 38 to 40 shillings per coomb. In Suffolk, all grain the growth of last harvest, is said to rise from

the flail, not more than three parts of a crop; potatoes are considered to turn up well, and sell at from 4 to 6 shillings per sack; Kent hops are worth from £5. 10*s.* 0*d.* to £6. 10*s.*; Sussex, £3. 18*s.* to £5. 5*s.*; and Farnham, £8. to £10. per pocket. At Worcester hop market, on Saturday the 6th instant, there was no business done, nor yet on the preceding week. There is but little trade with the *seed* merchants, compared to what is transacted in the ensuing months of March and April. Turnip seed is now worth from 15 to 20 shillings per bushel, hemp seed 54 to 64 shillings per quarter; linseed 100 to 130 shillings ditto; cinquefoil 30 to 40 shillings ditto; rye-grass, 32 to 46 shillings ditto; clover, best samples, English red, as high as 130 shillings; English white 115 to 125 shillings; foreign red 125 to 140 shillings; foreign white 116 to 130 shillings; and trefoil 40 to 60 shillings per cwt.; rape seed £54 to £56 per last; and linseed oil cakes £16 per thousand. The prices of *lean* cattle have continued extravagantly high. In Yorkshire, great quantities, for some months past, have been bought up by jobbers, from all the breeders and graziers, in a more rapid manner, and at larger sums, than has been known for a very long period; and neat cattle of all kinds there, have been rising in value, especially *in calvers*, which have been bought up with an avidity never before witnessed. In Norfolk, the shews have been comparatively small, and straw-yard beasts, have constantly sold at from 6*s.* 9*d.* to 7 shillings per stone. In Essex, likewise, they have been advancing in price; and in Derbyshire also they are very dear; at East Grinstead fair, which is one of the largest in Sussex, there were plenty of good Welch and Scotch runts which went off readily. At Allesley also, there was a good supply; at Ross fair, the prices were very high, and the same accounts are received from every part of Scotland. Relative to *fat* beef, we shall, as we promised in our last month's report, detail some of the occurrences at the *Smithfield* shew, previous to Christmas-day. There certainly is no place *in the universe*, which can boast such a display of cattle, rendered not only conspicuous for their high breeding, and their symmetry, but are also deserving attention for the profit they bring; the great object being to have beasts fit for market at the soonest possible time, and at the least expence. In such laudable pursuits, which so greatly benefit the community, we find *all ranks* of people engaged; men of large property, by devoting a part of it to agricultural researches, have rendered the earth more productive, and consequently enabled it to maintain a larger portion of cattle, increasing the quantity of animal food brought to market, which evidently must reduce the price. At the Smithfield cattle shew, are not only seen butchers, salesmen, and graziers, but lords, dukes, and princes of the blood; who have become the admirers and patrons of agricultural societies. At this meeting, from various and remote parts of the kingdom, are exhibited the *best bred* and the *most beautiful* animals that the island can produce, and high in rank as frequently are the judges, appointed to determine the prizes, yet those to whom they are distributed, know that such distinguished characters are not appointed, *merely* on account of their rank, but *because* they are *practically versed*, in all the necessary requisites, to fulfil such an arduous duty. As the most excellent judges of fat bullocks, we mention Lord Thanet, Lord Somerville and the Duke of Bedford, and of that smaller but equally profitable and useful animal the sheep, we consider Mr. Coke of Norfolk, and Sir John Sebright to stand pre-eminent. For valuable communications relating to agricultural implements, and whatever is connected with rural affairs, to Sir John Sinclair, Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Arthur Young, and the Reverend Bate Dudley, the inhabitants of Great Britain are highly indebted. At the Smithfield shew, Sir John Sebright and Mr. Warmington were the stewards; Mr. John Tomalin of Leicestershire, Mr. Francis Whitfield of Kent, and Mr. Edward Augur of Sussex, were the judges appointed; who, after a most accurate examination of the cattle, awarded the prizes to the following gentlemen.

Class 1. Prize of 20 guineas, to Mr. John Edmonds of Gloucestershire, for a Herefordshire ox, aged 6 years, fed on grass

and hay, worked 2 years, travelled 76 miles to the shew.

Class 2. Prize of 20 guineas to Mr. John Ferrett of Worcestershire, for a long horned ox, fed on hay and oil-cakes, aged 6 years, worked 2 years, and travelled 112 miles.

Class 5. Prize of 20 guineas, to Mr. William Webber, of Somersetshire, for a Devonshire ox, fed on hay and grass, aged 6 years, worked 3 years, and travelled 135 miles.

Class 6. First prize of 20 guineas to Mr. John Ferrett, of Worcestershire, for a Herefordshire ox, fed on grass, hay, and Swedish turnips, 4 years and 11 months old, and travelled 112 miles.

Second prize of 10 guineas to Mr. Michael Buckley, of Nottinghamshire, for a Devonshire ox, fed on grass, hay, and turnips, aged 3 years, and travelled 114 miles.

Class 7. Prize of 10 guineas to Mr. Edward Boddington of Warwickshire, for a Scotch ox, fed on grass, hay, and turnips, aged 4 years and travelled 90 miles.

Class 9. Prize of 10 guineas, to Mr. John Edmonds, of Gloucestershire, for 3 new Leicester wethers, fed on grass, hay, and turnips, aged 22 months.

Class 10. Prize of 10 guineas, to Mr. John Westcar, of Buckinghamshire, for 3 new Leicester wethers, fed on grass only, aged 33 months.

Class 11. Prize of 10 guineas, to Mr. Harry King, junior, of Essex, for 3 South Down wethers, fed on grass only, aged 21 months.

Class 12. Prize of 10 guineas, to Mr. William Harrison, for 3 South Down wethers, fed on grass, hay, and Swedish turnips, aged 32 months.

Class 13. Prize of 10 guineas, to Mr. John Roads, of Buckinghamshire, for a Berkshire pig, aged 60 weeks, fed on skimmed milk, and 4 bushels of barley-meal.

Class 14. Prize of 10 guineas, to Mr. John Roads, of Buckinghamshire, for a Berkshire pig, aged only 40 weeks, fed on skimmed milk, and 4 bushels of barley-meal.

Mr. Thomas Pickford exhibited a black and white bull, 2 years and 10 months old, fed on hay and turnips, weighing 201 stone (8 lbs. to the stone); and the same gentleman shewed some very fine Swedish turnips. Sir Thomas Bowes shewed 60 very fine new Leicester wethers, and the carcasses of two weighed, one 164, and the other 163 lbs., though but 2 years old, and fed on grass only SEVEN on an acre. Mr. Cothar shewed 3 fat Gloucester wethers; Mr. William Coles, exhibited a large black and white pig 20, and another 18 months old, fed on barley-meal and water.

[*The remainder in our next.*]

REPORT OF DISEASES

IN THE PRACTICE OF A PHYSICIAN TO A PUBLIC MEDICAL INSTITUTION, FROM THE 20TH OF DECEMBER 1809, TO THE 20TH OF JANUARY 1810.

ACUTE DISEASES.

Peripneumonia	2
Catarrhus	8
Rheumatismus Acutus	3
Scarlatina	2
Cynanche Tonsillaris	3
Cynanche Trachealis	1
Pleuritis	1
Pertussis	6
Variola	2
Morbi Infantiles	6

REPORT OF DISEASES.

CHRONIC DISEASES.

Phthisis Pulmonalis	5
Bronchitis Asthenica	2
Pleurodyne	3
Tussis cun Dyspnœa	30
Tabes Mesentenerica	1
Asthenia	8
Ascites	2
Anasarca	4
Hydrothorax	1
Gastrodynia	6
Enterodynia	4
Dyspepsia	3
Colica	1
Diarrhœa	5
Cephalalgia and Vertigo	3
Hemicrania	2
Paralysis	3
Rheumatismus Chronicus	8
Lumbago	4
Epilepsia	1
Hysteria	2
Otalgia	1
Prurigo	2
Ptyalismus	2
Hemorrhoides	1
Dysmenorrhœa	2
Amenorrhœa	4
Menorrhœa	2

For some days past we have experienced the full severity of winter, and as might be anticipated, pulmonary complaints have been very prevalent. Catarrh especially, or what is commonly termed *"a cold in the head,"* has been pretty general in most parts of the metropolis. This complaint is produced by passing from warm close apartments into the cold air, when due precaution is not observed to counteract the difference of temperature, by additional cloathing. It is also frequently occasioned by passing from a very cold medium into a comparatively hot one; and sometimes, the peculiar state of the atmosphere will produce the complaint without any of those occasional or exciting causes that have just been alluded to. In this case, it generally affects a whole neighbourhood, and is then termed an influenza. The symptoms are severe or dangerous according to the constitution and habits of the patient. In persons of consumptive disposition, as well as in those of a full plethoric habit, the accession of Catarrh is to be feared. In the former description of patients, it is apt to excite a cough, and inflammation in the lungs, which soon assume the fatal character of true phthisis. In robust phlethoric persons, it is liable to produce more speedily fatal consequences, and the least mistake or mismanagement in the first instance, often renders, what is generally only a slight complaint very severe and alarming. What with the patient's own indiscretion, and that of his friends, he is often reduced to a woeful state before he is seen by his physician; an officious and meddling kindness, a busy desire of doing something, when perhaps it would have been better to have done nothing, occasions much mischief,

"E quel dolor ogni dolor eccede
"Che vien da quei, da i quai speriam mercede."

A patient is stuffed with food at a time when nausea and anorexia inform him that his stomach cannot digest; he is made to swallow wine or brandy with the vain hope of *strengthening* him; and when he most requires fresh air and repose, his chamber is crowded with friends whose anxious looks and frequent inquiries, convince him that he must indeed be very ill. In medicine more especially the proposition of Aristotle, that *parvus error in principio est maximus in fine,* holds good. To apply this to Catarrh, it is usually recommended by the vulgar, *"to stuff a cold,"* and this is often so effectually done that the patient can hardly breathe, and if he does escape has great reason to bless his strength of constitution. In general, all that is necessary to be done in Catarrh, is to stay within doors, and live upon *water gruel and toast and water*; and take some saline, mild diaphoretic medicine, and gentle aperients: if however the symptoms, which will sometimes be the case, become more urgent, perhaps the safest way is *"to take advice,"* for the axiom that every man of forty should be his own physician, is only true when applied to the prevention of diseases; and physicians themselves not unfrequently afford lamentable proofs that it is much easier to prescribe for other people than for themselves. When a man treats his own case, he is generally either timid or rash, he does too much, or he does not do enough.